THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIII | New York, Wednesday, February 18, 1931 | Number 16

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS

NOT SINCE the establishment of the press department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has the annual appeal of its chairman to the Catholic people of the United States for more general support of their press, been uttered at a time more favorable for its consideration and so urgently requiring the utmost achievable influence of Catholic action.

The time is favorable because really great events have occurred in the arena of the world debate between Christianity and paganism, which prove how supremely important are the agencies of Catholic publicity when they are applied on a scale commensurate with modern methods and modern needs. The first of these events was, of course, the issuance of the Pope's encyclical on marriage. Given to the press in authorized translation, simultaneously with its publication in official Latin, several of our greatest newspapers published the lengthy document in its entirety, while thousands of other journals printed lengthy digests or quotations. How different this was to the procedure followed up to this time. Formerly, highly important papal utterances, published only in the official text, would be hastily and generally incorrectly translated—often, indeed, merely garbled, even distorted, for the sake of mere sensation—and be sent in fragments throughout the world. The second event we have in mind is the inauguration of the Vatican City radio broadcasting station. As we write, it seems extremely probable that the Pope himself will be heard by hundreds of millions of persons in all parts of the world. Even if the newspapers have been premature in this prediction—a question which will be determined before these words can reach our readers—it is certain that the program with which the opening of the Vatican City radio station will be celebrated will have been broadcast in many countries.

There may be opposition to our view that such events create a favorable atmosphere of inspiration and general attention for the work of the Catholic press. It may be said that on the contrary the readiness shown by the general press and the other great agencies of publicity, among which radio broadcasting stands easily first, tends to prove that strictly Catholic papers are practically unnecessary. We hold a quite contrary opinion. Consider the effect produced, for example, by the publication in the secular press of the encyclical on marriage. While many of the newspaper editorials were entirely respectful to the Holy Father's

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views, and some of them selected portions of his remarks for favorable comment, the many interviews with or letters from the opponents or unfavorable critics of the Christian code of morality were strong proofs of the incessant and systematic work of explanation and education of the general public which is necessary. This task is largely one for the Catholic press.

As for our statement that the present time urgently requires the utmost achievable influence of Catholic action, surely its truth must be obvious. As Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh, the chairman of the Press Department of the N. C. W. C., puts the matter: "The days are perilous, and minds and hearts and souls are in danger of corruption and of death. The traditional profound sanity of Catholic minds is not proof against all shocks. It needs the sustaining and healing influence of Catholic truth developed and applied to a consideration of the vital and disturbing news and opinions that grow like fungi upon the rottenness of pagan views of life." Few men are better qualified to utter such views than Bishop Boyle. He not only speaks with the authority of his episcopal responsibility and power, he also brings to the utterance of truths which are sometimes viewed too abstractly the support of a continuous and first-handed acquaintance with the journalism and literature of our age.

The bishop admirably summarizes the splendid work accomplished by the News Service of his organization, which is now gathering and making available the Catholic news of the world and the work of effective Catholic writers, to more than fifty weekly newspapers in the United States, eight in Canada, three in Australia, three in England, one in Ireland, and others in China, the West and East Indies, Italy and elsewhere. A very high compliment was paid to this organization at the International Catholic Press Convention in Brussels last summer by Father Considine of the Fides News Service of Rome, when he declared that the press bureau operated by the American bishops fulfils to a certain degree the conditions necessary for the ideal organization of a world-wide Catholic news association. Nor does Bishop Boyle fail to render a deserved tribute to the editors of the Catholic weekly newspapers, who, while utilizing the fine service of the N. C. W. C., bring to the service of their readers fine qualities of local initiative, independence and in many cases highly developed journalistic talents.

But Bishop Boyle points firmly to one fact which handicaps, hampers, injures and even threatens to strangle the growth of effective Catholic press influence. As he says, these papers "lack the encouragement of a large reading public. They deserve a large reading public, and we shall lack a thoroughly Catholic-minded people so long as the mentality of Catholics is molded in other quarters by the news and the opinions on the news which they read there." There can be no question of the truth of this statement. But Bishop Boyle immediately points to what is probably the most effective practical remedy for this deplorable situation. "Upon the priests of the country," he says, "I especially urge the support of Catholic papers and magazines. They can do much to encourage their people to read them. This field of Catholic action is being prepared in the most gratifying fashion. It lacks only the complete support of our people; and that the priests of the United States, more than any other group in it, can secure. Their own work for the spiritual welfare of their people will be furthered, and we shall move forward here as we do wherever we can command unity of action."

WEEK BY WEEK

AS WE write, the League of Nations is tussling with several important problems in a spirit of at least endeavoring to relieve some of the prevalent international tenseness. Two of the major themes must, of course, abide in the realm of theory for some time to come. It is quite improbable that any important change in the disarmament situation can be effected until political and economic unrest have calmed down a little; and while pan-European ideals are in the air, nobody expects to tie one of them to mother earth this season. There remains the German-Polish controversy. Whatever attitude one may adopt regarding this, it is impossible to deny the sovereign importance of the issue. From the German point of view Herr Curtius is engaged in carrying the revisionist program one step further—and, necessarily, in stemming the tide of extremist advance inside the Reich. The deadly earnestness of the situation has been revealed clearly by the chancellor's tour of the eastern provinces. Herr Bruening was met everywhere by crowds of depressed and angry people, exactly as not a few journalists familiar with the region had predicted. Now it is hoped, on the one hand, that the League will do something—and hoped, on the other hand, that the League will do nothing so that Germany may retreat from Geneva in high dudgeon. The forces of opposition have recently enlisted many liberal supporters, including some of the best-known advocates of international opinion. It goes without saying that the Polish attitude is utterly different. In Warsaw any outspoken reprimand would be taken to mean interference calculated to strengthen the position of the minorities. And thus the whole present and future of European minorities may now be under consideration.

Controversies at Geneva

ONE OF the sights of Munich these days is a "Panropa" exposition. This is nothing more or less than a collection of maps and plans drawn up by Herman Soergel, a Munich architect, to show that the Mediterranean Sea ought to be drained of 200 meters of water. The project seems fantastic when mentioned offhand but has been developed here with such skill one comes away convinced that the only

The New Mediterranean

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thing needed is a few millions with which to start work. Soergel begins by appealing to geology which tells us that 50,000 years ago the area now occupied by this sea was mostly land, there being only two inland lakes at about a thousand meters below the present water level. Then huge masses of ice swept over the region during the glacial era, cutting open the sluice at Gibraltar through which the floods of the Atlantic swept in. If one-fifth of the original picture could now be restored—which means skimming 200 meters of water off the Mediterranean—great tracts of tillable soil would appear, Venice would be a city in an inland lake, and about one-half the present Adriatic Sea could be opened to colonization. But how? Curiously enough, the technical requirements are rather simple. A dam built in a semicircle just outside Gibraltar, according to specifications leading engineers have already approved, would also serve as a bridge between Spain and Africa. The Mediterranean waters would automatically drop because the inflow from the rivers which feed them is not sufficient to maintain the present level against the influence of evaporation. At the same time a dam built at the Dardanelles would regulate the inflow from the East and keep the channel open for shipping. Nor is that all. By digging a channel to Schott el Djerid in the Sahara, the Mediterranean overflow could be utilized to begin the rehabilitation of this vast section of northern Africa as a center of culture and industry.

PRECISELY at this point one commences to rub one's eyes. It is well enough known that during Carthaginian and Roman times Mediterranean Africa was the granary of Europe and the home of civilization still alive for us in our memories of illustrious personalities. The idea of restoring this region to its former glory has appealed to many speculative minds, but Soergel's solution is the most practical yet advanced. He holds that by erecting a hydro-electric plant at the Gibraltar dam two things could be accomplished: first, the amount of water in the Mediterranean could be regulated, so that what is used to irrigate the African desert would always remain the equivalent of that at present in the sea; second, as this water is let in (i.e., falls), it would generate the power needed to keep the irrigation system in motion. Thus a unified and coherent engineering exploit has been planned almost to the last detail. Soergel very correctly sees that the greatest barriers between his idea and its realization are not financial or technical but political. Accordingly he has wedded his scheme to the pan-European idealism advocated by Coudenhove-Kalergi. A great part of his exposition is concerned with charts designed to show the perils which confront Europe as a whole so long as it remains hopelessly and chaotically disunited. That one of the dangers is held to be "American economic imperialism" may antagonize a spectator from the United States but the proposition cannot fail to interest him.

Our Loss of Leadership

IT CAN be said without animus, we believe, that America now in her time of distress is politically without executive leadership. In its place is silence, or equivocal statement that is interpreted one way by alleged friends of the oracle and the opposite way by other alleged friends of the oracle; or whenever there is plain-speaking, it is a negative, as the recent refusal of the Senate's gesture of generosity toward the Red Cross. We can imagine Theodore Roosevelt in the latter situation coming out with an explosive and cheerful, "Bully! $25,000,000 is nothing to the great American nation. We will never permit starvation of our citizens in this country. But—let it be clearly understood that we do not want to saddle the country with the dole system. This is not to be interpreted as a precedent for such a system. It is to meet a specific emergency, and we will work out an American plan so that such an emergency shall not occur again and there shall be no occasion in this great fertile and resourceful land for anything approaching the dole." Such action on the part of the President would serve three constructive purposes. First, it would cut red tape and deal without delay with the distress in our midst. Second, it would by fearless plain-speaking be a definite focusing of public sentiment against the dole. And third, dispelling the fogs of psychological apprehensions in which as a nation we are now groping, it would rally the national spirit and restore our faith that we have a national capacity to deal with the day's business boldly and dispose of it. The drought situation is not one that has unexpectedly developed. With a little enterprise and leadership in the right direction, the federal executives could have initiated the Red Cross drive—believing as they do in private initiative—before the present congress met. But no. Nothing was done until the Senate took the lead. Then confusion, manifestos with escape clauses, and inspired interpretations were let loose upon our already troubled times.

IN THE matter of the multi-millions that were appropriated for public works with the avowed purpose of providing employment—there is a most extraordinary lack of vision and leadership in the manner in which this has been handled. We can safely say that there has appeared in the public press as a reflection of administrative expression, double the lineage devoted to vague qualifying statements about the time necessary for architects' plans to be prepared and cautions and delays that will be required, than there has been lineage vividly envisaging the possibilities of the project, a comprehensive plan of action and the benefits to be derived. The heartening, psychological benefit of a positive, and what could well be described as a popular type of leadership in this matter, would be of immense value we believe to those of us who have no expectation of any direct benefit from the public works. On the contrary, we have had from the American Fed-

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eration of Labor, which is in a position to know and which in the present state of affairs has come to be thought of as a dignified and almost reactionary body, plain-speaking criticism of the delays and the scantiness of federal execution of the plan for public works. What will happen to democracy and the capitalist system if it cannot produce leadership and a unifying plan of action for its people in competition with the Soviet system which has its very definite Five-Year-Plan and its systematic direction for carrying out this plan? It is our belief that the first requisite of popular government is fearless positive action and positive outspeaking of elected officers which will give a definite orientation to the popular mind. Without it democracy degenerates into a rabble out of step and getting nowhere.

Justice for Negroes

WE AGREE with the writer of a thought-provoking editorial in the Catholic diocesan newspaper of Brooklyn, the *Tablet,* who says that no one can fail to remark the ironic contrast between the many encouraging facts revealed by the annual Rosenwald Fund report concerning the progress made during the past year toward a solution of the race problem and the social betterment of the Negro, and the appalling fact that lynchings of Negroes in the South increased threefold in 1930. The recent condemnation of this horrible mass crime made by twenty-nine leading educators of the South shows that decent public opinion is being stirred up to deal with one of the greatest problems facing our civilization; but the gruesome record of savage mob murder reached last year proves how little progress has been made. And as the *Tablet* shows, it is true that "the inferior masses of the colored population still labor under the greatest handicaps; the Negro is daily snubbed, insulted and often publicly murdered under suspicion of crime. Southern women also have found it necessary to protest against alleged protection afforded them against the Negro by irresponsible mobs."

ON THE other hand, the Rosenwald report musters many consoling facts and figures proving the substantial betterment of the Negro population in education, the ownership of property—especially of homes and farms—and in other ways. We gladly welcome the evidences that in still another fashion a bridge is being built, by means of which Negro leaders of their race may be consulted by white leaders of public opinion, and may give as well as receive the benefit of intellectual coöperation in matters affecting the common good of the nation. For example, Negroes were seated with their white colleagues at the banquet in a Washington hotel which closed the recent meeting of the delegates of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Protestant Churches, to consider economic problems. Considering that Washington in many respects is socially a city where Southern sensitiveness on the race problem is acute, this fact is a healthy sign of the growth of a policy of common sense. Negroes have things to give as well as to receive in the effort to build up the constructive forces of the nation. But if we go on letting mobs murder them, all the good done by constructive education will be destroyed. Catholics above all others should heed the warning given by the leaders of the small group now interested in the Negro problem, that we have badly neglected these victims of man's injustice.

G. K. C. on the U. S. A.

THE MOST interesting development in Mr. Chesterton's stay among us has to do with the revision of his conception of what an American is. To those who have always been his staunch admirers, it was a little trying, after his brief previous visit a dozen years ago, to encounter everywhere in book and essay the abundant testimony of his disaffection. All the American people and American institutions (if there were any institutions) he approved of, he clearly felt to be exceptions; all the others he as clearly took to be the dreadful rule. This was trying, not because we cannot endure adverse criticism even from a beloved and valued commentator, but because it came from one of the most generous and most penetrating men of our time—and was not generous, and was demonstrably not accurate. We have never thought all Americans were flawless, but on the other hand, not even Mr. Chesterton could convince us that most Americans were like the terrific young millionaire in "Magic."

MR. CHESTERTON still sees what he saw the first time—the clamor, the blatancy, the religion of success—but he no longer sees them in the same proportions, and he sees hundreds of other things as well. He has been telling all of this in *G. K.'s Weekly;* sometimes deriding—as when he describes certain of our advanced pedagogical theories—sometimes praising, as when he notes that one clear and powerful trend of American thought is "Distributist in everything but name." In general the praise seems to have it. Other papers printed here stress our social democracy and fellow-feeling. He defends the culture and sufficiency of our smaller cities. And most lately of all, in the New York *Times Magazine,* he gets unerringly to the core of our national character. Americans are naturally "candid, generous, capable of a beautiful wonder and gratitude; enthusiastic about things external to themselves; easily contented and not particularly conceited." Their only trouble is a tradition alien to this character and deliberately imposed on it—the tradition of Go-Getting, of Selling Yourself; "the theory that self-praise is the only real recommendation." In maintaining this contrast, which is certainly in the main correct, Mr. Chesterton actually goes farther than we should. "The Americans," he says, "were never naturally boomsters of business bullies." Perhaps not; but they are naturally boomsters of efficiency, organization and scope, and as these qualities, in business, war or

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politics, are often combined with the bullying propensity, it often amounts to the same thing. But though we hold that the American feeling about material success cannot be dismissed merely by calling it "alien" to the indisputably fine and human American character, though we are too close to the problem it creates to stress its "accidental" quality, it does not please us less to find Mr. Chesterton stressing it.

Still about Culture

A FEW weeks ago, as our readers possibly recall, our sense of justice drove us to a reluctant defense of the younger generation. Mr. Thomas Beer had been giving them an examination in "culture," and bitterly concluding that they hadn't any, and we felt constrained to point out that, whether they had or hadn't, it couldn't be proved by any three dozen questions, let alone Mr. Beer's highly special three dozen. Subsequent events at Columbia University seem to bear us out. The undergraduate magazine, the *Spectator* (whatever the state of its editors' culture, their enterprise is at least stimulating) asked the Columbia faculty to take Mr. Beer's quiz, and published the results. Forty-three faculty members refused, ten accepted. The highest marks scored among these ten were in the early and middle fifties, as against the grade of 46, high mark among the students who also took the quiz. That is, Columbia professors are, by this test, substantially as "uncultured" as their students. One need not be an opponent of Dr. Flexner, surely, to feel that the test is, therefore, simply not a test. The only sane way to appraise any man's culture is to find out what he knows, not what he doesn't know. But, though the scholarly prestige of the ten professors was in no sense involved, we should like to conclude by voting high marks in sportsmanship to those four of them who permitted their names to be published opposite the ratings of 55.1, 54.3, 54.2 and 53.9 percent.

THE CATEGORICAL QUANDARY

CURRENT economic diseases have been so carefully diagnosed by authorities in every branch of public finance that a new theory would have the same importance as another drop of rain. What does surprise one, however, is the fact that all these analyses lead to no plain or impressive conclusion. A nation seeking a way out of its sociological difficulties can do little more than grope about in outer darkness. This truth becomes still more astonishing when one bears in mind that all thinking about economics since time immemorial has had for its purpose aiding mankind to ward off such crises as the present. Of course we really do know a great deal: the reports issued by any number of commissions are massive accumulations of evidence to prove how valid certain laws are and how inevitably given effects proceed from given causes. But what shall we do here and now? There are many answers to this, not one of which is better than the other.

Under such conditions panaceas are bound to enjoy wide popularity. When the doctor is baffled we try grandmother's herbs or a neighbor's golden recipe. A year ago large groups of American citizens believed that the tariff might be relied upon to banish almost every woe. In England public opinion has been clinging to the idea that ineffectual distribution of the gold supply was the chief source of evil. Most Germans trace the lion's share of their troubles to burdens imposed by the Versailles Treaty. Over and above these, more sovereign remedies appear which differ from the ones mentioned in that they demand not the improvement but the destruction of the capitalistic system. Today at least half a dozen versions of Marxian doctrine are more or less firmly rooted in as many nations. And while none of the several brands of distributism has progressed farther than talk, this species of anti-capitalism is doubtless making headway. Older mercantilistic theories, finally, have reappeared in new dress without making too plain their ultimate intentions.

The baffling character of the problem and of the solutions advanced must necessarily affect the moralist. He begins by deducing from religious truth (or by assuming on some other basis) the existence of human rights and obligations. That the individual is entitled to a livelihood wage, that the family must remain intact and sound, that ownership is normal within the limits of justice—these are some of his truisms. But he is at once confronted by two surpassing difficulties. First, he cannot secure rights for a minority deprived of them, by any means which involves destroying, or impairing, a mechanism which bestows such rights on the majority. Let us make this difficulty wholly clear. In Russia the proletariat battled its way to power by destroying a system which gave to other and larger classes vastly more than they now possess. The Russian scheme is, therefore, unmoral on the simple basis of arithmetic. The second difficulty is possibly more important. Moralists are without the power to put their rights on a quantitative basis. Take, for instance, the family. Can it thrive in a dwelling of one or three rooms, or does it need at least a small house with a garden? Has a father who can support a wife and three children the right to expect a wage sufficient to feed and clothe a wife and eight children? There are a host of similar queries.

It immediately becomes obvious that, unless we can find some way to make our economic and financial system more effective than it now is, the moralist's demands upon this system must become increasingly modest. Let us consider what such a step would imply. Suppose we assume that a given national industry-complex is able to produce, in wages and profits, $1,000,000 a year. If 1,000 persons were concerned in this, each would receive, if distributions were equal $1,000 a year. But since no such similarity has ever been conceivable, the actual results would be that one or two individuals would receive larger portions, while quite a number might come off with mere pittances.

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Now suppose either that the wages and profits decline, or that the population increases while they remain stationary. Clearly only one of two things can happen. Either a group of people at the lower end of the scale will receive very little if anything, or the industry-complex will have to be drained of capital and of high wages paid to the management. We are now actually in a position to see how such problems have worked out in real countries. Austria is an especially interesting example. Since the given industry-complex was unable to produce the necessary wage sums, it has steadily been drained of capital in the name of social welfare and so robbed of half of its efficiency. Austria today lives from the money expended by traveling foreigners.

Furthermore. Populations robbed of industrial stability do not, as a matter of course, reveal the same characteristics. The pauperized moujik of Russia is one thing, the German living on unemployment insurance another, the American out of a job still another. But they are all curiously alike in one respect: as the demands which they can make upon society decrease, so also do the demands which society can make upon them decrease. Russia has in its moujiks only a horde of analphabetic and amoral barbarians. And in Germany? Professor Liepmann, the Berlin savant, estimates the number of "murders of the unborn" at about 876,000 a year. While one cannot attribute the whole of this stupendous sum to such factors as unemployment and chronic poverty, it is clear that one part of the explanation can be found in the circumstance that at least 600,000 German families are without dwellings —and that a still greater number confront the future without even a minimum of hope. Finally, there is America. One need not summarize sociological phenomena which have so ruthlessly uncovered the deficit of prosperity years, or draw a picture of existing needs.

These facts create a categorical quandary which the Christian is obliged to face squarely, and for better reasons than that opposition between economic conditions and the necessary demands of the moralist is leading tens of thousands out of the Church. *Religio depopulata* is already something more than a possibility. Above and apart from such considerations is the fact that Christendom must find and proclaim the truth. And it may well be that the way toward this lies through a deeper channel than we have ordinarily been willing to use. Modern economic science can be defined as the discovery of laws which work themselves out as rigidly and inhumanly as the forces of nature. Is not an "era of depression" very like a huge and devastating storm before which one can only retreat? So long as mankind subjects itself to economic laws it is—in all likelihood—impossible to escape from their control. From this point of view it makes precious little difference whether one is a socialist, a capitalist or a distributist. The Soviets trying to build a railroad and make it pay are quite like any Americans attempting to do the same thing. In all cases the motive is to squeeze out of the industry-complex enough to meet the requirements of everyone, but without divesting this complex of strength. If we have not misread economic learning, this is impossible in the long run—unless men submit to the equivalent of the iron discipline which prevails in realms of the machine.

Owing to historical conditions, the Christian moralist of the past gradually came to accept the economist's point of view. His hope was to bring this into harmony with justice—to see that people at the top remain conscious of people at the bottom, and to humanize industrial methods themselves. The result was much good and some heroic achievement. But have we now come to the point where such a hope must be scrutinized, if not abandoned? Is it not conceivable that Christian acceptance of modern economic theory is incompatible with Christian faith, which may presuppose not Roman but Hebraic property law? The principal differences between the two will become almost shockingly clear to anybody who spends an hour comparing the third book of Moses with a digest of modern principles of equity. There are, first of all, such specific practical matters as the Old Testament attitude toward ground values. The "homestead" which every Jewish family received was a permanent possession, recoverable at stated intervals in spite of war or other calamities. And Damaschke is quite right when he states that this rule was not merely praised by Saint Thomas but was a fundamental principle of mediaeval ownership. The importance of the matter is evident. Precisely, ground values are at the bottom of all forays into speculative finance, the principal cause of unjustifiable inequalities of distribution.

More notable still, however, is the plain fact that the Saviour's fulfilment of Hebraic law was to be achieved through the revolutionary act of establishing the primacy of charity. In a wholly obvious manner He not merely scorned the forces of nature but even guaranteed that they would have no sway over those who followed Him. Nor was such a victory to be achieved only through the counsels of perfection, binding upon those who in an especial way were chosen to imitate His life. It would come when the "justice of God," as revealed to the prophets, would be liberated from all literalness by a new affection which was that between Divine Father and human son, between brethren in the mystic communion. And who shall say that we can ever find the words of redemption for which Christendom is yearning unless we courageously seek them out in the right place? Courageously. For there is no doubt to anyone who surveys what is happening, not so much in America as in the more troubled countries abroad, that tomorrow's leadership will go to them who have the spirit not of rules, however diligently tried out, but of daring to confront the issue and the outcome in the light of ultimates. We cannot preach abnegation to crowds who have already been stripped of everything. We shall, somehow, have to proclaim the freedom and riches of the Lord.

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THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

By GEORGIANA PUTNAM McENTEE

This comprehensive, though through the restrictions of space not detailed, survey of the organization and scope of Catholic social action in England, appeals to a natural interest in what our friends overseas are doing, and also as the author says, should furnish inspiration and guidance. By this however we do not wish to be misunderstood as suggesting the English Guild as a model for something we lack in the United States. As the writer concludes, we are already happily supplied with organizations which embrace practically every type of Catholic welfare and merit all the support we can give them.—The Editors.

AT THE present time, when the industrial life of the United States is sunk in the trough of the business cycle, thoughtful American Catholics share with others a desire to understand and to aid in the solution of the problems involved in a situation which is part of a world-wide economic depression. For such as these, the Catholic Social Guild of Great Britain will furnish inspiration and guidance.

The Catholic Social Guild came into existence at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society which was held at Manchester in the autumn of 1909. The project was launched at an informal luncheon attended by many public-spirited leaders of British Catholicism. Among those assembled were Father Charles Plater, S.J., and Mr. Leslie Toke, who with Dom Gregory Quinlan, constituted the triumvirate that had inspired the new movement. Miss Margaret Fletcher, Mrs. Virginia Crawford and Lady Agnes Gibbs, each possessed of a brilliant mind and a facile pen destined to be enlisted in the service of the Guild, were among the prominent women present. All had deplored the apathy in the face of grave social evils which was shown by so many of their coreligionists, who abandoned their lethargy only long enough to denounce an amorphous thing called Socialism, toward which in the absence of suitable leadership great numbers of Catholic working men were drifting.

There had been notable exceptions to this indifference both in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Cardinal Manning was one of the outstanding social reformers of all time and Charles Stanton Devas was a careful student of what we would call the social sciences. Archbishop Bagshawe of Nottingham desired a wide extension of the power of the state in the sphere of social action at a time when the bulk of the British population still did homage to "The Wealth of Nations." Later, Father Bernard Vaughan was wont to denounce with his accustomed fire such evils as the sweating system, and the Catholic Truth Society began to publish an increasing number of pamphlets on timely questions. But there was widespread ignorance of the social principles taught by Popes and theologians. The outlook of the great body of Catholics was parochial and their contribution to the alleviation of human misery generally took the form of indiscriminate almsgiving.

It was to bring knowledge, organization and breadth of vision into the Catholic social movement in Great Britain that the Catholic Social Guild came into being. Its primary purpose was to encourage men and women to study Catholic social principles and to apply them to the solution of social problems. The zeal of its early sponsors spread and men like Archbishop Whiteside and Mr. Henry Somerville made known its message. George Milligan, speaking for the working class, welcomed the Guild but lamented the fact that it had not been founded twenty-five years earlier.

If such an organization were to fulfil its purpose, its members must have quantities of suitable reading matter. Consequently, the production and circulation of social literature became an important interest of the new society. The Guild publishes a Year Book usually concerned with some subject of actuality and written by an expert; a slender monthly called the *Christian Democrat,* which superseded the original *Quarterly Bulletin* in 1921; numerous special works, such as the recently published books of Father Watt; and a vast quantity of pamphlet literature. Year Books have dealt with such subjects as: "Letters on Social History," a historical treatment of the relation of the Church to the masses; "The Community and the Criminal," by the Catholic chaplain of Brixton Prison; and "Catholics and the Problem of Peace," by Father Joseph Keating. The most recent, that for 1930, was written by Dr. Letitia Fairfield and is on "Catholics and the Public Medical Services." The interesting and practical nature of the *Christian Democrat* may be realized by a glance at a few titles of articles that have appeared: "Russia and Ourselves," "Factory Organization," "Probation Work," "Josephine Butler," "British Agriculture," "Boys' Clubs," "Migration to Canada." The authors are men and women deep in their subjects who write from England and abroad.

Among the many booklets issued by the Catholic Social Guild was the series of "Catholic Studies in Social Reform," which included "Destitution and Suggested Remedies," "Sweated Labor and the Trade Boards Act," "Housing" and "The Church and Eugenics." The outstanding textbook of the Guild was written by its first president, Monsignor Parkinson, and was entitled "A Primer of Social Science." This volume was highly praised by the non-Catholic press, the *New Statesman,* for example, estimating it to be "perhaps the best small, cheap introductory primer for economic and political science that is now on the market."

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During the great war the members of the Guild worked with ardor, not only to alleviate the social disorganization and economic distress to which it gave rise, but to lessen as well the grave moral evils which accompany periods of armed conflict. Books and pamphlets were published dealing with all such topics in a manner which was as sane and Christian as it was courageous and outspoken.

These many publications of the Catholic Social Guild have been circulated among study clubs by a smoothly running lending scheme. The study clubs themselves are the chief agencies through which the work of the Guild is carried on. All types of people are invited to join with others of congenial interests in the systematic study of special problems. There are, for example, study circles for working men and women, for college students, for seminarians, for business men and women and for people of leisure. Sometimes these groups, which meet in parish halls or homes of members, are guided by a tutor who is a specialist in a given subject; on other occasions, meetings are presided over by a chairman called the leader, whose business it is to see that the students work with zeal and thoroughness and bring in the home assignments which are regarded as invaluable aids to productive study. Correspondence classes in touch with the central office at Oxford and the awarding of certificates and diplomas for work well done have brought unity and coherence into the system.

Occasionally well-meaning but not well-informed Catholics have failed to see the need for such instruction in economics and sociology under Catholic auspices. It has been estimated that during the last couple of months of 1929 about 260 students in Manchester and Southeast Lancashire attended classes in Marxist economics, industrial history, psychology, etc., in connection with the Southeast Lancashire Labor College. This tiny cross-section of conditions is sufficient to reveal the pressing necessity for the study of such subjects with a non-Marxist philosophy as a background. Some study clubs have perished when their members succumbed to the widespread human aversion to sustained thought; but as these have fallen, others have risen up to take their place.

An important feature of the Catholic Social Guild is its annual summer school. It is customary for Guild members to assemble at Oxford for about ten days each summer and listen to lectures and participate in discussions on leading issues of the day. The participants, chiefly members of study clubs, profit by an exchange of viewpoints and the acquisition of new knowledge. The Guild has also done a great deal to foster the lay-retreat movement which Father Plater desired to be its very foundation-stone. It is aware that from individual sanctification springs that spiritual energy for civic leadership which is just as much needed by the lay apostle of today as it was centuries ago when Francis of Assisi or Catherine of Siena prepared for a work in the world by union with God. The Guild devoted one of its Year Books to the subject of retreats. It rejoices when it meets a kindred spirit in any part of the world. In an issue of the *Christian Democrat,* for example, a section was devoted to an appreciation of Mr. Williams's "Catholicism and the Modern Mind" in which the editor of THE COMMONWEAL bore witness to the transcendent value of the movement for retreats.

Father Plater had dreamed of a labor college for Catholics, and after his death the Guild, recalling his vision, founded such a school at Oxford as a memorial to him. Father Leo O'Hea has been the principal of this Catholic Worker's College from its inception. The first three students who were selected by their localities were typical: they were respectively a textile operative, a sheet-metal worker and an engine driver. These men were followed by others and by women workers as well. The teaching staff is adequate and excellently prepared, such instructors as Professor Ogilvie of the University of Edinburgh having been identified with the college. Cordial relations are maintained with Oxford University and students may qualify for the university diploma in economics and political science after their two years' course. Men and women are sent back to their factories and shops from the Catholic Workers' College refreshed by their experience, steeped in Catholic teaching, equipped with wider knowledge and prepared to take an intelligent and unselfish part in the life of their communities.

One of the most distinguished members of the Guild was the late Archbishop Keating of Liverpool. He was its president during the mining crisis of 1926 and at that time he urged a solution of the problem that would do justice to the stricken miner. "The poor," he wrote, "must live; and, if private enterprise cannot provide the worker with a living, it must clear out for another system that can." This was, of course, clearly an individual expression of opinion which no more bound the other members of the Guild than would be viewpoint of its humblest member.

Needless to say, all has not been clear sailing for the Catholic Social Guild. Above all, in its early history, in spite of its support by the hierarchy, it was accused by some Catholics of Socialistic leanings. At one time Father Plater sought the opinions of distinguished theologians, foreign and domestic, as to the type of Socialism condemned by the Popes. They declared that the type denounced was only "that universal and absolute Socialist Communism which seeks to suppress all private property as being wrong or at least anti-social in itself." More recently some critics have been irritated by the Guild's refusal to take sides in purely economic and political questions. Its leaders have pointed out that to do so would be to defeat its purpose which is to enunciate principles and leave their application to the individual conscience; to furnish knowledge to be used as each person's intelligence dictates. To go further would be to court numerous dangers and to invite unnecessary controversies.

In the autumn of 1930 the Guild celebrated its

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twenty-first birthday. The occasion found it with more work than ever to do and less money than ever with which to do it. It derives its support primarily from the working and intellectual classes, two groups not normally well endowed with material goods no matter how rich they may be in things of the mind or spirit. Consequently, consternation spread when the Guild's precarious financial condition was made known. But its friends came magnificently to its assistance with gifts ranging from an anonymous donation of a hundred pounds to a contribution of one shilling. The Catholic Social Guild is on its feet again. Many old members have increased their annual subscriptions and 157 new ones have been added. Additional aid is now being sought to provide for its inevitable expansion.

In the United States, *laissez-faire* has lingered longer than in England. Its evil fruits are spreading in this day. Catholics have a responsibility in the face of present conditions which they cannot well shirk. It is above all salutary to recall that the same great Pontiff who condemned Communism denounced economic liberalism as well. Here, as in England, there is a widespread need for the dissemination of Christian social principles with their intelligent application to concrete circumstances. Catholics can help greatly by giving increased support to such agencies as the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, the Central Verein, and the Catholic Association for International Peace. Father Martindale on the occasion of the Guild's coming of age used words of his compatriots which are equally applicable to us: "We Catholics have been *lazy* in the matter of knowing about things. It is so much easier to contribute to decorate a shrine than to learn the facts about social conditions in even one parish in even our home town." He urged his readers to give their interest and energy to better "those human conditions into which Christ, living amongst us, plunged Himself so completely and of which He said so much and so uncompromisingly."

RAVENNA INTERLUDE

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

I SHALL admit that going to Ravenna was almost an act of despair. There was a fog in Milan to begin with—a dreadful, paste-like fog which if it had flung itself over London would be remembered for a generation—and there were other things. The taxicabs of the Milanesi, for instance. Nowhere else do vehicles proceed so chronically on two wheels, or shy away from posts and street cars by such intangible fractions of an inch. Anyhow, I shook the mists of Milan from me, departed and felt better. At Bologna two gentlemen (actually from Verona) shared my compartment, and drank manfully every time the train stopped from bottles of Orvieto secco. Quite simultaneously, pretty girls offered what were to me nearly illegible papers; and I could appreciate the mental processes of a master of no little learning in these parts who owned a copy of THE COMMONWEAL, which name he had translated as "coming on well." From afar, I trust he is right.

And Ravenna? First of all, a city of tombs. A little old place which now cramps its 20,000 folk into something akin to a Manhattan apartment-house cut into vertical strips and laid flat on the ground. But in spite of difficulties, the living appear to manage well enough, what with plenty of churches and children, grocery stores and Italian temperaments. What interested me chiefly were the dead. So many people, illustrious and otherwise, have been buried here with some magnificence that one can guess from their epitaphs the passing of the ages since Caesar rose to power. First of all Dante. His bones have rested less easily than Shakespeare's. The Florentines, illogical beggars, coveted them and even succeeded in getting one Holy Father to sign an order for their removal. Then, in one of those democratic moments which lend so much color to ecclesiastical history, a Franciscan monk took the previous relics from their coffin, hid them securely against even Florentine guile, and thus saved the glory of Ravenna. Today the greatest of poets lies in a tiny mausoleum, and between his tomb and the old Church of San Francesco there stands a brand-new museum filled with trinkets which Beatrice would probably have enjoyed vastly more than her immortal lover.

Unfortunately no pleasing poetic fate decreed that the mortal remains of the heroine of the "Vita Nuova" should lie here. But Ravenna has the matchlessly beautiful sepulcher of another extraordinary woman. Indeed, as one delves into the available information about Galla Placidia, one reaches the conclusion that she dominated her age as Isabella of Spain or Elizabeth of Thuringia did hers. Life tugged hard at the skirts of this princess of the fifth century, who moved to Spain, to Constantinople and to Italy with the successive warrior husbands she was constrained to marry, but who still managed to labor for culture and religion in that rude age as few women have since. To the sepulcher I shall return later. Just now it is expedient to note that church after church owed its erection to her, and that pious legend repaid her with any number of aromatic laurel wreaths. She had a particular devotion to Saint John the Evangelist, and one of her most ambitious basilicas was dedicated to him. After the architect had set to work, Galla Placidia (so it is written) thought it would be most appropriate to possess a relic of the patron. But though she and her confessor searched everywhere, not so much as a lock

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of hair could be found. Thereupon Saint John appeared and stayed long enough to drop one of his sandals at the princess's feet. While historians will not permit us to believe that even so admirable a saint would do so much for so charming a woman, it is true that the love he symbolizes peers from everything she did.

Then, of course, there was Theodoric, King of the Visigoths and (because he yearned to be as good a Roman as the rest) a lavish patron of the arts. Most of what he built has gone the way of the world, excepting his astounding tomb. Hoping to ensure his ashes against pilferers and enemies, he ordered his men to fetch the durable rock of Istria in hugh blocks and fit one stone securely on the other. Over the top they placed so vast a monolith that even today one cannot imagine how it was transported and set up. It fits over Theodoric's tomb as a lid fits on a crock . . . but it did not suffice to protect his bones. They were probably dumped on some obscure refuse heap, or burned into very royal charcoal. Nevertheless, the Goths unwittingly guessed right when they pinned their faith on the immortality of stone.

It is only today that the full significance of artistic impulses resulting from the collapse of the Roman Empire has become apparent. True creativeness probably contains an element of eclecticism, always; and wandering barbaric hordes, chiefly the Visigoths, seem to have fused into a new Christian universality a number of expressive forms, thitherto indigenous and hidden. Due to the historical position it then occupied, Ravenna was a point at which the new white heat burned most fiercely. Now the flame has gone, and even the coals have largely been swept away by time and man. One can merely guess at what splendor gleamed in this place in days when the capital of the Occident was situated here, behind ramparts more impregnable than those of Rome. But a great deal remains, and this was the bait which I swallowed and thereupon went on my journey.

You can see in Ravenna successive stages of the adaptation of art to Christian ritual. Nowhere else on earth, possibly, have the central problems of ecclesiastical building been stated so resolutely and solved so suggestively, in anything like so small an area. We moderns realize that not all is well with our church architecture and decoration. But what is the matter? On the one hand, it is alleged that nothing counts excepting a structure which serves the purpose of the Divine cult—a statement which, if pushed, leads to the conclusion that an edifice of corrugated tin would do if it could boast of the right dimensions. On the other hand, the mere longing to surround the Mass with beauty is also not sufficient. For what is beauty? Does it lie in the reproduction of lovely old forms which have proved their churchly suitableness, or in something more essentially creative—the symbolistic handiwork of a time and mood? Superficially put, the question is quite difficult to answer, because in all likelihood the characteristically modern architectural form is derived from the technical civilization. It is not in immediate harmony with the aims of Divine worship and may even—as in the case of Peret's concrete-and-glass church—be repudiated by the faithful as incompatible with prayer. Clearly something more than ingenuity is required to derive from "new" art the rich purposefulness expressed in so many varieties of tradition.

Well, the master builders of Ravenna were patently in a similar quandary. They had inherited structural forms of great beauty; and again and again they either turned a pagan temple into a Christian *ecclesia* or made a baptistry out of what had once been a Roman bath. But the desire for media which would express the universal-individuality of Christendom remained strong and led in Ravenna to new and most fascinating experiments. The tomb of Galla Placidia, for instance, is still quite sternly Roman in form, even if the cruciform outline has been piously emphasized. But the luminous mosaics of the interior—combining symbolistic design with a deeply poetic colorfulness—must have appeared just as revolutionary as mediaeval stained glass would seem later. Art as such is subordinate in this tomb. The builders achieved perfection apparently without thinking of anything beyond their task. What a change was necessary before this beautiful factualness would surrender to that indulgence in riches for their own sake which makes San Marco in Venice a priceless heap of treasures brought from the world's end, less, one thinks, to honor the Creator than to exhibit the might and wealth of Venetian princes!

But while Galla Placidia's tomb was an extraordinary achievement, it was not yet a church. When the Ravennese builders set out to erect houses of worship they had perforce to reckon with larger spaces and a different kind of concentration. The Christian community gathering not merely to pray but also to witness a mystic Calvary—this was the act for which they had to provide a suitable environment. And it is wonderfully interesting to see how they reached during the sixth century, almost simultaneously, the two different conclusions expressed in the churches of San Vitale and San Apollinaire in Classe. I am sure that both, however much of their glory time may have robbed, are among the most beautiful edifices on earth. Yet how radical was the cleavage between the artists who built them—and how very modern their attitude seems!

San Vitale is a Roman chapel seized, as it were, by the hair in a moment of frenzy and stretched toward the sky. The arches, the windows, the solid walls remain, but a hitherto undreamed-of height floods radiant and airy space into a room which, enclosed by a circle of regal pillars and crowned with both a vaulted balcony and a dome, nevertheless remains conscious of the Drama which is its sole reason for being. Thus was the spirit of Byzantium applied to a traditional Roman form. And in quite the same way, the decorative scheme (mosaics and veined marbles) have etherialized the stern appropriateness of Galla Placidia's tomb. There are hieratic figures here, such as Beuron recalls,

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but already a genuine if rudimentary naturalism characterizes not merely the incomparably fascinating groups, in mosaic, of imperial dignitaries, but even the Christus Triumphator who reigns in the central arc above an altar table which was itself the sarcophagus of a martyred saint. It is said that in ancient days women worshiped from the balconies while the men knelt or stood below. At any rate, here was evident the "circle"—the unionizing form—which could properly house a liturgical group more or less homogeneous. (There is a little of the "theatre" form in San Vitale, but anyone who wished to see how this ultra-modern conception of church building was anticipated long ago, would have to visit Santa Maria Assunta, at Torcello, which was modeled after an ancient Greek theatre.)

Now let us see San Apollinaire in Classe. Also built by the Ravennese during the sixth century, it is nevertheless a Roman basilica of the type which is popularly represented by St. John Lateran. Long rows of fluted columns hem in a rectangular space at the end of which a cavalcade of steps leads to an altar domed over by august mosaics, and seem themselves to stand at worship. The decorative ideas in both churches are akin. But obviously the room at San Apollinaire was designed for mass worship—for the bringing together of people having nothing in common excepting the act of worship in which they shared. Here the architectural problem was different and the solution, too. And who has not felt that subsequent developments of both forms, Gothic on the one hand and Baroque on the other, respond to similar underlying liturgical differences? Gothic is architecture for worshiping masses. Try to pray with a lone dozen other souls in the great nave of Amiens! And Baroque is manifestly at its best in convent chapels and in churches of small towns, as witness the dozens of masterpieces in rural Bavaria and Austria.

Possibly something akin to this differentiation is at work in "modern" ecclesiastical art, as that can now be seen to particular advantage in Germany. Not all these new buildings are pleasing or even genuine. But often one is struck by the quite radical appropriateness of a given architect's work—by the fact that, granted a specific liturgical problem, the solution is perfect. I feel it would be quite possible to compare the work of Dominikus Boehm (a Cologne master whose churches are the most original Catholic structures of our time) with the tomb of Galla Placidia. They have, first of all, got rid of cant, of bad statues and Gothic-esque foolery. There is not a bit of trash about them. But no angel has yet plucked them by the hair. The iron matter-of-factness which stamps this neo-Roman age here pauses before a sudden: "Halt! This is holy ground."

What developments may be expected from the new endeavors seem to me indicated by a striking coincidence between San Vitale and San Apollinaire on the one hand, and two churches built—the first at Rothenfels, the second at Aix-la-Chapelle—by that interesting architect, Herr Rudolf Schwarz. The Rothenfels church was built, Herr Schwarz declares in a letter addressed to *Form,* to house a congregation of students eager to participate in the liturgy according to the principles of the liturgical movement. To quote: "Congregations always gather in a circle; and the circle is the symbol of closest union. But we nevertheless decided against a circular form because that would have meant placing the altar and the priest in the center of the room—impossible because both can only face one way. We chose the form of the open church, so that the faithful kneel in the horseshoe chapel space of which the altar is the harmonious close." With modifications, this is of course the form of San Vitale. And to me it seems that these modifications are seeds of a great beauty modern art may be destined to produce.

At Aix-la-Chapelle a different task awaited the architect. Here some two thousand working people in an industrial suburb would meet for Sunday Mass—a crowd in which each anonymous individual would share in an anonymous, objective liturgy. Therefore, Herr Schwarz tells me, the idea of a structure serving corporate union had to be abandoned. The main part of the Aix-la-Chapelle church is a single room running from east to west. Separation between priest and people is effected by raising the floor toward the altar. Standing in long parallel rows, the people seem to "have heard an order to march on." The effect, inside this plain room in which the windows are near the ceiling, is truly extraordinary. This is San Apollinaire, with equally interesting modifications.

I came away from Ravenna, then, with renewed faith in my own time and its spiritual energies. And, perhaps, with more understanding. Somehow it seemed that Dante, if he could stir from that little tomb, would be on the side of the moderns. Do we not think of him too often as a kind of encyclopedia who knew medieval philosophy and a lot more besides? And was he not rather a fire in which everything that was not genuine, not true, not abiding, burned to cinders and fell into the pit? Well, we shall hope that in our day some sparks of the glare which lighted his spirit have been rekindled.

Southern Cross

The unaccustomed eye
Traces it, star by star,
Scant four and wanly far,
Risen to testify.

Nebular, incomplete,
It leans upon its side
As when the Crucified
Lay fallen in the street.

While scattered wide and bright
About the cross that pales,
Planets like golden nails
Pierce through the tropic night.

LEONORA SPEYER.

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THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH

By FULTON J. SHEEN

IT IS not news to say that Chesterton has written a book; it is not news to say he has written a good book any more than it is news to say that a dog has bitten a man. It would be news to say that he had written a poor book—but that news would not be true. This article, then, about Chesterton's recent book, "The Resurrection of Rome" (Dodd, Mead and Company), is not news, and that is why it appears in a weekly, which is concerned with knowledge, rather than with a daily, which is concerned only with the ephemeral.

Long before Chesterton saw the flash of the lightning which was the Light amongst men, he bore a keen admiration for the Church. Once that flash had illumined his mind and brought him to the Wisdom which leaves all other wisdom cold, he became a veritable fire of enthusiasm for the Church which before he knew but did not know that he knew. The writer recalls having asked Mr. Chesterton a few years ago to write a preface for a philosophical work which was about to come from the press. Mr. Chesterton objected on the grounds that he knew nothing about philosophy. When the writer retorted that he had written a very excellent philosophy himself, namely, "Orthodoxy," Mr. Chesterton answered that "Orthodoxy" was only a popular work, whereas the one for which he was asked to write a preface was scientific.

He then leaned back his bulk of weight, both physical and mental, in that rather uncomfortable chair of his newspaper office, and said: "Yes, I will write the preface. After all we both belong to that great mystical corporation called the Catholic Church in which we can stand responsible for one another's opinions. I know what you must believe, and you know what I must believe." In that sentence was an understanding of the Church to which few arrive, even those who are born in it. It was only to be expected then that when Mr. Chesterton decided to wield a pen like a sword in defense of the Church, it would reflect something of that deep understanding of it, and this expectation has been realized in his new book, "The Resurrection of Rome."

I do not know whether Mr. Chesterton had an apologetic plan in mind when he began writing his defense of the truth, but there does seem to be a certain order in his recent writings. With something of that clarity which characterizes the Scholastic method when it proceeds from a treatise on God to Christ, and then the Church, Mr. Chesterton has advanced through these three ideas in three succeeding volumes. His "Orthodoxy" is a defense of rational knowledge and particularly the rational knowledge of God. "The Everlasting Man" was a defense of Christ in His humanity and divinity, and a proof that, just as man did not come from nature, so neither did Christ come from history. This final work, "The Resurrection of Rome," is a defense of the Church in the sense that it is a prolongation of the Incarnation and the life of Christ on earth, or better still, a diffusion through space and time of the life of Him who survived Good Friday.

This Church tract is based on three points: first, a fact; second, a paradox; and third, a vision. The fact is the Resurrection; the paradox is that only the dead shall live; and the vision is that the Catholic view is bigger than human points of view.

Saint Paul has said that if Christ has not risen then is our preaching vain, which implies that the Resurrection is the foundation of the Christian faith. The startling fact of Easter is that Our Lord did not survive Good Friday. He died and rose again, and not to the same life but rather to a higher one. Mr. Chesterton takes this as the key to the whole life of the Church, and in this work he traces out the law of Easter through the various phases of the history of the Church. For him the Church is not something which has survived; rather it is something which died and rose again, which is another way of saying that it is divine. It has been constantly finding its way out of the grave, because it had a Captain Who found His way out of the grave. In the very beginning of his book, then, Mr. Chesterton says that he does not see the beauty of Rome in her towers, but rather in what is under the ground. To him Rome is not something which is built on seven hills, but something hidden in seven valleys:

> There is a certain sensation of looking down into the chasms into which the seven hills are cloven; and a sense more or less irrational or imaginative that these chasms are very deep; and that something secret and subterranean is always rising like a sealed spring or a volcanic vapor out of the very depths of Rome. . . . Thus Rome looked to me like the city of seven valleys, but to behold the city of the valleys it is necessary to stand on the hill. The whole effect, which I despair of describing, is somehow rather of depth than of height. . . . I had the impression of not looking up but down. Truth is not at the top of a tower, but really at the bottom of a well.

The real history of Rome, then, is the history of the Easter tomb, for the Church is something which is always coming out of the tomb after the world has pronounced it dead. It carries with it therefore the image of immortality. The word written across Rome is the word "Resurgam." Once this thesis is stated, Mr. Chesterton carries us through the history of the Church as revealed in her monuments, her buildings, her government, constantly pointing out that the same thing has happened again and again after apparent

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defeat or desertion—namely, that what was thought dead came again to live.

First of all, Rome seemed to die when Constantine left her and went East in order to have more room for his ideals. Here Mr. Chesterton asserts that it is always a bad sign to go somewhere else to start a perfect scheme.

> Many an American millionaire fills large and larger foreign palaces with his fatigue, who once filled a little wooden frame house with his energy.

Constantine conceived the idea of moving Rome like a rolling stone toward the sunrise and of leading forth the monuments of Rome like a caravan, "holding in one hand the Arc of Titus and in the other the Temple of Vesta."

He set up these things in the land of the East and upon the golden horn of the country of the Greeks. The Emperor of Rome left, but the Bishop of Rome remained. He left behind him practically nothing but the "chains of Peter to clang in a forgotten prison." The Rome that was above the ground had moved away, but the Rome that was under the ground, the Rome of martyrs and of faith and of the successors of Peter, was in the catacombs, and that is why one must look for the real Rome, not in her towers but in her caves. In his own incomparable and majestic way he has emblazoned that truth in this combination of words which is a reflection of the truth of the Word:

> And all the time there was something underneath; something that was neither cultural nor social, something that never ceased to repeat with stubborn and almost sulky repetition the name of Peter. And even as morning, noon and night, the brazen and the golden trumpets gave forth to the four corners of the world the unchallenged proclamation, "Ubi Caesar, Ibi Imperium," there came out of the deserted town and deep places, deep as the dungeons of the chains, the unvarying answer, "Ubi Petrus, Ibi Ecclesia."

Once again, after the death of Charlemagne, Rome seemed to go to her death in the wild midnight of the dark ages. But somehow or other, Christ stirred in Peter's bark and all the scandals that had accumulated during those dark days were swept away in the blazing lights of the new Rome resurrection, when there arose, in the twilight of the middle ages, the greatness of Gregory VII. Once more again in the days of Avignon the Church seemed to have her life sapped from her, the tomb sealed, and the official watch set. The King of France set up the Papacy in Avignon, and disaster followed the attempt to separate the Roman Pontiff from Rome. The real Rome then was apparently above the ground in the country of France, but so far as its spirit and power were concerned, it was in the Eternal City, for the "chains of Peter bound the Pope to Rome as they had bound Peter to his prison." Everything was done to remove Rome from Rome. Once the emperor was taken away, but the Pope remained, and now the Pope was taken away, but the Pope returned. Taking Rome East did not make a new Rome at Byzantium, nor taking Rome to France did not make a new Rome at Avignon. And once more in this sense it is true to say that the real Rome was under the ground. An interesting reflection is introduced by Mr. Chesterton at this point. He protests against the general assumption that the Reformation was a protest against the power of Rome:

> I should rather describe it as a protest against the impotence of the Pope. It did not come at a time like that of Innocent III, when the Pope was really powerful. It came at the end of a long trail of tragi-comedy and bathos, in which the central power, so far from being too central, had been hopelessly decentralized and divided. It was not until the people had had the absurd idea of having three Popes that they completed the absurdity by having three or four religions.

But the resurrection of the tomb by the Reformation was in the Easter Day of the counter-Reformation, and Mr. Chesterton finds its symbol in the architecture of the Baroque, whose purpose was not so much to make a building as to make a sensation, and in particular a sensation of a religion that was full of life, hope and energy.

> The Church was using, and using up, the materials of the world, burning up gold and gorgeous substances. One furious battle for popularity and public appeal, and those who like it least should look upon it as a battlefield; and remember that the battle was won. . . . What many not unreasonably regard as the decay of art was the resurrection of religion.

Finally, in our own day, and more particularly in the sad day of the World War, it was generally thought that the center of the earth had shifted from Rome to Berlin, just as before it was thought that the center of the world had shifted from Rome to Byzantium. Events prove however that the new capital has collapsed and the world returns to Rome. This new resurrection of Rome is to be found first of all in the resurrection of the old Fascisti from under the ground in the form of Black Shirts above the ground, and more important still in the establishment of the holy island of the Vatican City, where the "largest of religions has the smallest of nationalities." And here Mr. Chesterton pays tribute to Mussolini, whom he calls a wiser man than Napoleon, "a hundred years wiser." Napoleon was a fool because he thought he could break the power of Rome. Mussolini was wise because he grew tired of watching and waiting for the death of undying things.

There have been apologists for the Church who have glorified the Church because of her organization; there have been others who have reveled in her, like Chateaubriand, because of her love of the beautiful. But they who are profoundly Catholic and who see the Church as it really is, are like Chesterton, who sees in it "the staggering miracle of a dead man who was a live man." In this conception there is hidden that great lesson that the Church is about the only new

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thing in the world, whereas everything else is old. Fads and fancies marry the age, and are widowed in the next. The Church has never married an age, and for that reason is properly called the Bride who is eternally marching to the altar with her risen Spouse, Who is Christ.

Secondly, this treatise on the Church is founded not only upon a fact, which is the Resurrection, but also upon a paradox, that is, the dead who live. It is not this particular paradox that interests us now. That is sufficiently clear from the foregoing. What does concern us is the use of the paradox in writing about divine things, and here Chesterton has hit upon the very essence and kernel of Christianity. Christianity is essentially a two-level religion. It is the Kingdom of God moving in the kingdom of men; eternity in some way coming down to time, and divinity limiting itself to the bonds of humanity. Now in setting up this two-level religion, Our Blessed Lord, in a certain sense, set up an enmity between the two kingdoms. What is true for the kingdom of the world is false for the Kingdom of God. What is useful for time is useless for eternity. What is wisdom for men is foolishness with God. What is power for worldlings is weakness for the children of the Kingdom. Hence it is that Our Blessed Lord in speaking of the very essence of His religion spoke of it in a paradox.

Thus we read in the Gospel that Christ was forever saying that the first should be last, and the last first; that the poor should be rich; that he who saved his life should lose his life; that those who were hated should rejoice, and those who were reviled should bless. Every true Christian follower has felt the conflict. Every saint has caught the meaning of this paradox in his life, and great Christian writers have caught it in their writings. Saint Augustine grasped it in his work, "The City of God," and hence Augustine wrote in paradoxes. Chesterton has caught it, and perhaps has caught it better than any apologist since the days of Augustine; and in writing paradoxes, he is writing the only language in which Christianity can adequately be written. There will be no paradoxes in heaven because there will not be the two levels of time and eternity, the world and the Church. But the kingdom of heaven is purchased on this earth by the writing of paradoxes, and it would seem that Chesterton perhaps long since has paid the price.

Finally, this brilliant work on the resurrection of Rome is grounded on a vision, and that is a Catholic one, and by Catholic I mean universal. In much of our apologetic writing at the present time it is impossible to see the forest for the trees. There is so much attention paid to restricted points of view that the Church is rarely set forth in its full glow and beauty. The only way to understand anything well is not to look at it from a point of view but rather to look at it from a point of vantage, and this is Mr. Chesterton's method. Whenever he writes about the Church he seems to have lifted himself up to a distant planet, seated himself there comfortably, letting his feet dangle off into space, and all the while looking down at the world about which he is writing. In some way he always gets "outside" of his subject and thus can see it in all of its splendor, and this is what is meant by a Catholic vision, namely, that process of taking all things in at once. What is true in a literary way is true in a political way. There can never be international peace nor the union of nations unless there is something outside of the nations to bind them together. And the only thing which is outside of all the nations and bigger than them all, and hence strong enough to tie them all together, is the Church, of which the Vatican State is the material symbol.

Chesterton is constantly looking at the Church in all of its ramifications in time and in space. And here too is the paradox of his writings: while he is outside of the Church from a literary point of view, he is very much inside it from the spiritual point of view and understands, oh! so well, real spiritual values. He was received into the Catholic Church in a small tin shed painted brick-red which stood among the sculleries and outhouses of a railroad hotel. But of that conversion he says:

> The Pope would be the first to say that the step I took in entering that shed was inconceivably more important than the step of entering St. Peter's or the Vatican or his own presence.

One of the great enigmas of modern life will always be that the Church can be big enough for G. K. Chesterton but too small for H. G. Wells. But the answer is to be found, I suppose, not in the lesson of Easter but in the lesson of Christmas. Christ was born in a cave, and to enter a cave one must stoop. Proud men like Wells will not stoop. Humble men like Chesterton stoop, and entering they find they are not in a cave but in a universe in which the moon and stars are under the feet of a Lady holding a Babe.

Pantoum

You are a tree in the night;
  You are a flowing river;
You are a star that is bright,
  And a dream that is dreamed forever.

You are a flowing river;
  You are my heart's own beat,
And a dream that is dreamed forever,
  And a song in an empty street.

You are my heart's own beat;
  A fire warm on the hearth,
And a song in an empty street,
  And spring to a frozen earth.

A fire warm on the hearth,
  Lighting me with its flame,
And spring to a frozen earth
  Is your name.

MYRA M. WATERMAN.

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A NOTE ON AN ERROR

By JOHN K. RYAN

GREAT and widespread has been the success which has followed the efforts of the last half-century in the revival of Scholastic philosophy. Consequent upon this success, or rather, a part of it, has been a better appreciation of what philosophy was in the middle ages, together with serious attempts to discover what the mediaeval philosophers actually taught. The works of both great and little mediaeval thinkers have proved new mines for the scholar, and discoveries are now being made with such rapidity as to be almost disconcerting. As a result, few writers in the history of philosophy are rash enough nowadays to dismiss the twelve centuries from Saint Augustine to Giordano Bruno with a sneer as far as their philosophy is concerned.

The older histories of philosophy, whether textbooks or more pretentious works, made few difficulties for themselves with regard to mediaeval thought. Thus Windelband covers the subject in eighty-four pages, while he gives between five and six hundred to ancient and modern schools. This is in spite of the fact that his knowledge is far wider, his understanding better, his insight keener, than was the case with most of his contemporaries. Saner and juster than most authors of general histories of philosophy, Windelband was yet unable to escape his own limitations and those of his audience and critics when it came to discuss twelve centuries in the history of thought. Alfred Weber's "History of Philosophy," translated by Professor Frank Thilly of Cornell and recently reissued under the editorship of Professor Perry of Harvard, has long been deservedly popular in American colleges. Out of over 600 pages, Weber devotes but 100 to mediaeval thought, and in those pages his proportions are still more interesting. Thus he gives nine pages to Saint Anselm, six to Duns Scotus, and five to Saint Thomas. Roger's "Student's History of Philosophy" devotes thirty-eight out of 514 pages to mediaeval philosophy. It remained for a production such as Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" to dismiss the period with a paragraph.

That such false proportions should be preserved is unfortunate both for the students who use these books and for the history of philosophy. To maintain them is a manifest indication that such writers and the readers who rely on them do not possess any real knowledge of the philosophy of these centuries which they pass over so quickly. More fundamental and disastrous than this mere lack of information is the presence in their minds of a dogma, completely formulated and utterly false, with regard to the relation between faith and reason in the mediaeval mind, and as a consequence, with regard to the philosophy that the mediaeval mind produced. This *a priori* principle is well expressed by Weber:

"Outside of the Church there can be no salvation and no science. The dogmas formulated by her represent the truth. Hence, the problem no longer is to *search* for it. The Church has no place for philosophy, if we mean by philosophy the pursuit of truth. From the mediaeval point of view, to philosophize means to explain the dogma, to deduce its consequences, and to demonstrate its truth. Hence, philosophy is identical with positive theology; when it fails to be that, it becomes heretical. Christian thought hemmed in by the law of the Church resembles a river confined between two steep banks; the narrower the bed, the deeper the stream. Being unable to escape from the dogma encompassing it, it endeavors to penetrate it, and eventually undermines it."

It would be pleasant to think that this dogma has grown obsolete, and that it has been discarded. Far from this being the case, it seems as though each of its countless repetitions gives it added life and increased prestige. One meets it everywhere, in the least as well as the most expected of places. It is given forth *ex cathedra* by the newest and brashest spokesman of philosophic or scientific dogmatism; it is included as accepted and essential doctrine in every professorial potboiler. Nowhere is one surer to find it than in those works which are so certain of the complete triumph of the inductive method, so assertive of the modern determination to get at the facts, so insistent in their warnings against a blind acceptance of authority.

The dogma could be corrected or at least modified by reference to any reliable history of mediaeval thought. Or the impartial searcher for facts could go to the "Summa Theologica" and the "Summa contra Gentiles" and find there how carefully Saint Thomas distinguished between theology and philosophy. Still better, with the aid of books that have been written on the subject, he could trace this difficult and interesting problem from Saint Augustine down to our own day. That the mind of the neo-Scholastic thinker be interpreted on the subject is not without immediate importance. For just as the political theories of the Catholic are traditionally under suspicion, so also is the modern Catholic philosopher suspected of a divided allegiance.

The whole long course of mediaeval thought is a refutation in itself of the assertion that it was dominated and dictated by the Church. The Catholic faith is one. It never ceases to proclaim that it is unchanging and unchangeable. Yet in the face of this single, immutable body of religious doctrines, the philosophy alleged to have been dictated by it presents a strange aspect. Mediaeval thought is likened to a narrow stream flowing between the steep banks of religious dogma; or, to change the figure, it is said to be cast in a single staff and ugly mold. Nothing could be farther from the truth; for in the study of mediaeval thought, and of Catholic thought in general, we are confronted not by a philosophy but by many philosophies. Not even in the strife of modern schools and systems do we find such variety, such tenacity of opinion, such fierce opposition. Theories were developed and taught that were in direct contradiction to one another; arguments were waged that are as alive and as far from settlement today as then; schools were continued or established that were both the direct descendants of others more ancient and the direct ancestors of some that flourish mightily in our own time. Yet we continue to use the term "mediaeval philosophy" as if the philosophic thought of a thousand years was of one uniform piece.

Throughout its history, and especially in its golden age, mediaeval thought was dominated by intellectualism. At the same time there was in it an anti-intellectualism that expressed itself in many ways. The voluntarism that found its highest expression in Duns Scotus was in a certain sense formally anti-intellectual. So also was the mysticism that spoke its mind so clearly in the later Victorines and Thomas à Kempis. Actually anti-intellectual, although perhaps unconsciously so, was the nominalism with which William James hastened to associate his own doctrine. The same tendency may be detected in the caution of Scotus with regard to the proofs for immortality, and in the scepticism and subjectivism that were not uncommon throughout the history of Scholasticism.

The mediaeval mind was predominantly metaphysical in its interests; yet Roger Bacon was neither the only nor the ablest advocate of empiricism. A dualism that proclaimed its distinction between an infinite Creator and His finite creation was supreme, but it varied in the treatment offered by different men and schools. Moreover, this dualism did not prevent the rise of more than one monistic theory, and Saint Thomas himself has been accused, although falsely, of leaning too much toward

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pantheism. In more than one field great controversies were waged, and they did not always concern the subtle or the trivial. Arid disputes no doubt there were, but the debate upon the problem of universals was not one of them. Consider for a moment the theories that were developed—nominalism, conceptualism, modified realism and extreme realism. These have their counterparts in Greek philosophy and in that of the twentieth century. They exhibit the utmost variety in principle and in consequence, and yet they were all developed when the faith that was common to realists, conceptualists and nominalists alike was supposed to be rigorously commanding what men should think.

Self-denial and sacrifice are essential notes of the religion of Christ, but it is false to say that the Christian faith or the philosophy engendered by it are thereby defeatist and pessimistic. Nothing could be farther from the mind of the mediaeval ethical philosopher than to think that life was without value; hence, philosophies of escape and despair had no place in the mediaeval scheme of thought and action. By the same token, we may expect to find that the ethical productions of the age were positive and constructive in nature, sane, courageous and optimistic in tone. There were no thirteenth-century Schopenhauers writing essays in praise of suicide, no mediaeval Hardys, Housmans or Thomsons preaching self-pity, gloom and hopelessness. Perhaps the Church would have condemned them if they had appeared. Is she to be condemned herself because she created a moral and philosophical atmosphere in which more wholesome and useful things hold the place of counsels of disillusion and despair?

There were, it is true, men and schools that drew away from the dominant thought of the middle ages. They are what de Wulf calls "non-Scholastic philosophies," and it is chiefly with regard to them that the Church exercised those minatory powers that are so objected to by the modern thinker. Thus there was the neo-Platonic pantheism of Scotus Eriugena and the materialistic pantheism of David of Dinant. The Cathari and the Albigenses introduced a Manichaean dualism into Europe. Amalric of Bène presented both theosophy and pantheism in a system among the results of which were the deification of the individual man and the impossibility of sin. One wonders if even the most rigorous advocate of free thought will deny that the Church did philosophy a service by condemning these doctrines. Or did orthodox thinkers do wrong by the vigorous and successful war that they waged upon these excesses?

In fine, mediaeval thought itself, glanced over ever so hastily, presents a refutation of the ancient superstition that the Church so dominated the minds of men in the middle ages that a true and free philosophy was an impossibility. The richness and variety of philosophy in those ages, its fierce internal struggles, its tenacity of life in far lands and alien times, all these are facts that should be patent and that should at least cast doubt on the dogma which tries to blind itself to them. The many and great achievements of mediaeval thinkers in epistemology, in ethics, in political theory, in metaphysics and in many another field were the result not of mechanical deduction or of passive acceptance from theology. They represent in some cases a slow growth or accretion; while in others they were strengthened by defense or corrected under attack. From this constant clash of opinion, from the insistent challenges that were always being raised, there arose not a mere apologia but a great body of positive doctrine. In the wealth and completeness of this teaching we find evidenced a recognition of countless human needs and wants, and a striving to answer and fulfil them. Such a body of doctrine could come only from many minds, each working honestly, by the light and to it.

BALFOUR AND CHURCHILL

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Lord Balfour, as far as he got with it, no sooner was out than Mr. Winston Churchill gave us an account of his own earlier years. The combination interests me, because I had the opportunity of observing them at close quarters at a time that was critical in the careers of both. This was in the year 1903, and while much water has gone under Westminster Bridge since then, I have retained the opinion I formed of both of them, an opinion which in each instance did not and does not run with that of any reviewer of these books so far as I know.

Mr. Balfour was then Prime Minster, his position was challenged by Mr. Chamberlain, and practically everybody thought Chamberlain would win. I didn't think so. Mr. Churchill was then under thirty but was already a storm center. He proved his possession of whatever it is that constitutes political genius by taking a decisive stand when almost all others were floundering in the morass of indecision. No two public men could be more unlike, their problems were vastly different, yet both came through the ordeal with increased prestige.

Mr. Chamberlain had given the Conservative party the leadership which carried it through the Boer War. He expected, and had reason to expect, that whenever Lord Salisbury retired he would have the succession as Prime Minister. He made the one fatal mistake of his career when he allowed himself to be persuaded to leave England for South Africa. It was good advertising, and his star was going still further into the ascendant, but in the midst of it Lord Salisbury resigned and handed over the reins to his nephew, Mr. Balfour. The Tories had benefited by Mr. Chamberlain's help, but he was not a Tory and those who were had no mind to turn their party over to him. That all came out afterward. Mr. Chamberlain did not tell them he was disappointed, indeed deeply wounded, but he saw to it that the discomfort should not be all on one side. He proclaimed a policy that had the double effect of throwing the Tories into confusion and of uniting the Liberal party, which had been shattered into fragments, largely by his own doing, over Home Rule for Ireland. He struck for Protection and Imperial Preference in tariffs.

Mr. Chamberlain was much the most interesting, after Gladstone, of the English statesmen of his time. It was more true of him than of Roosevelt that "his sword knew no brother." In Birmingham he was absolute. In his Liberal days he excluded from the platform a Wolverhampton orator who dared to make a speech at a Gladstone meeting. He told Lord Randolph Churchill frankly that he must not think of being a candidate in Birmingham if they were to continue friends. He felt that Gladstone slighted him in regard to Ireland, and his hostility wrecked the first Home Rule bill. In the Liberal Unionist days he was snubbed by the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Salisbury was glad to use him but never liked him and never saw eye to eye with him. That old gentleman knew his Tories.

When I got to London Mr. Chamberlain had succeeded in setting the conversation. The old Liberals were jubilant, for the air of Lancashire and Yorkshire was resonant with protests from those whose grandfathers lived in the bad old days when "we be protected and we be starving." The Conservatives were divided into pro-Chamberlain and anti-Chamberlain camps, with a middle of the road element of uncertain proportions. Typical of these was one who said to me, "I don't like Joe but he always wins and I mean to win with him." They agreed that he might not win the first election, the Liberals might get away with that, but there would be another within a year,

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Chamberlain would win, and Mr. Balfour would walk along the corridor that leads to the House of Lords.

Chamberlain fairly rained blows at his opponent. Balfour never once returned a blow, but in fencing them off his skill was amazing. They both knew that the issue was personal but to admit it would not be cricket. They both knew that Chamberlain had to win, or lose all, and that Balfour might lose and still win. And that is what happened. Joseph Chamberlain lost, and died. Arthur Balfour lost, and lived to become the most trusted of Englishmen. In Paris, long afterward, others might speak for England, but not until Mr. Balfour, from a secluded holy of holies, gave the word. It seemed to me perfectly patent that Balfour's strategy was all directed to the end that Chamberlain should lose; but the best I could get from those to whom I said so was that Balfour had already lost. In some of the reviews of these books I find that those who then thought so still think so.

Winston Churchill, then a Conservative, took his own course. If he had any hesitation he never showed it. He came out flat-footed for Free Trade, he went with the Liberals, and men began to speak of him as a sometime Prime Minister. They still do. He used to write all his speeches, on the principle that if he wanted people to listen to him he ought to take pains with what he said to them. He even did it for an interview he gave me. There was in Parliament at that time a man I knew, who had vast experience of public men. I asked him what he thought of Winston's future. "It depends," he said, "on whether the upper or the lower part of his face gets the better of the conflict which, anyone can see, exists between them; let us hope he has better luck than his father, whose upper face lost the fight." It rather looks as though the hope had been fulfilled.

J. C. W.

Words like Leaves

On the Tall Tree in the forest
There are leaves that shine
With a texture of the purest,
Veined with the Divine.
Christ the Constant Tree, Thou curest
With Thy words like leaves
Everyone who grieves.

Lay the leaves on the eyes of the world,
The troubled eyelids sealing,
On the folded weary lids
Words like cool leaves full of healing.
Bind them on all fevered eyes
To absorb and soothe—
Spring's new leafage, lustrous-smooth,
Fresh with moisture from the Tree,
That the heat abated be.
Lay them on the world's eyes gently,
Words like cool leaves full of healing
Troubled eyelids sealing.

From the Tall Tree in the forest
Green leaves take
For the comfort that is surest,
For all suffering's sake.
Thou the Constant Tree endurest
With Thy living leaves
For everyone who grieves.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

COMMUNICATIONS

SOUP AND BREAD LINES

Relay, Md.

TO the Editor: In the January 28 issue of THE COMMONWEAL there appears a small article by Reverend John O'Grady entitled "Soup and Bread Lines."

It would seem, from the tone of his writing, that Father O'Grady is opposed to the practice of feeding and caring for the needy by means of soup and bread lines. He proposes, instead, that the poor who are in want come to the "family relief" agencies.

But when a man has known the gnawing pangs of hunger for days perhaps, can he be asked to endure the torture of a long wait on a hard bench, under the eye of a cold, unsympathetic "snip," can he bear with fortitude the endless card-indexing and cataloguing which modern "charity" seems to find necessary to its dispensation? I say no. Who can blame the man who turns from this machine-like and often delayed "relief" when his bodily wants are speedily assuaged by warm food, given unquestioned and with a semblance, at least, of cheeriness on the part of the giver?

Naturally, even as Father O'Grady points out, there are those who trespass on the kindness of others. There are those who would starve rather than turn a hand at honest work, but the majority in this emergency which is facing us at present are those who would be only too glad to do something and cannot find it to do. There are always those who are unworthy in every scene. But does Our Divine Lord ask us whether we are worthy to receive the boundless mercy which He so unfailingly supplies?

Certainly it would be advisable to "share his burdens and bring him to the point where he can bear his burdens alone." Advisable, yes, if there were no immediate necessity for his relief. But can a man who is hungry listen to any but the logic of his empty stomach? Or can shoulders already bowed by the burden of a family to support on no money bear this or any other burden without help?

Let us not ask this man who or why; or ask his worthiness; nor let us cavil at the wretch who is so mean as to fawn upon charity; but rather let us all do whatever comes to hand as the speediest means of succor; and do what we can to ameliorate this pressing want; and when the smoke of battle, so to speak, has been cleared away then let the "established agencies pick up the wreckage." That is their job.

MARY KEELER WARWICK.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Hubertus, Wis.

TO the Editor: The wholesale exodus of women from their proper sphere, the home, to the field of industry, which properly belongs to men, has resulted in serious detriment not only to the home and the women but also to business and the men, and it would seem that any plans for readjusting the present social and unemployment evils should take this into consideration as a fundamental factor.

When the women and girls of the country went to work in the place of the men during the war, they found themselves in a fairy-land rife with new thrills and romantic adventure. They drew salaries; had their own spending money; and being delightfully free from the restraints and burdens of family life, could enjoy many a luxury formerly out of their reach. Home life and the rearing of a family lost all attraction. To be dependent upon a man for financial support, even in wedlock,

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came to be regarded as a disgrace. Marriage became a kind of business partnership, a fifty-fifty proposition, that would enable the two to consolidate their salaries and thus live more highly. Children would not only diminish capital but be besides a heavy overhead. To avert such a danger, the expedient of birth control was resorted to. The financial independence of the wife together with the businesslike concept of the marriage contract combined to render divorce attractive when difficulties arose between members of the firm. It seems therefore reasonable to affirm that those two great social evils, divorce and birth control, owe their present extensive prevalency, at least in a great measure, to the entrance of the female sex into the domain of business life.

Business or industry has also suffered from its invasion by the feminine element. While some women are capable in industry, the vast majority are not, and the virility they have displaced with the natural weakness of their sex must remain uncompensated, just as the men whose places they usurp must remain unemployed unless, indeed, industry is big enough in the land to furnish employment for not only the men but also for the majority of the women, and this is certainly not so.

In view of the above, some step should be taken to get the gentler sex to migrate back to the domain of family life. Once the business world is closed to the woman, she finds no other outlet for her energies but in the home and the rearing of a family. To effect this, employers could adopt the policy of hiring no female help which could just as congruously be supplied by males. This measure would in time undoubtedly go a long way toward readjusting the present acute situation in the industrial and social world. At any rate, it would be interesting to see this viewpoint discussed by others in your columns. It does not seem to be even mentioned by those who are discussing these evils *ex professo*.

REV. R. H. LEWIS.

DOLLAR DANGER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL for January 7, your editorial comment on "Dollar Danger" presented a new and somewhat startling problem. Do the wealthy really know just what to do with their money? Apart from the present situation of the poor (too much harped on already), does the fact that there are other diverse ways and means for financially unburdening themselves enter their minds? Granted that possibly this detail is recognized, are they actually aware of these ways and means?

Cardinal O'Connell stressed the ignorance, particularly of our rich Catholics, concerning the proper use and abuse of wealth.

Throughout the United States there are various colleges and universities which are continually receiving endowments. The sum which they have succeeded in accumulating must be enormous. Incidentally, these colleges are not Catholic; neither are their benefactors Catholics! The wealthy individuals are to be congratulated on finding a pocket for their gold.

There are throughout the country, also, many Catholic educational institutions. How they manage to exist is a mystery! Very, very seldom do we hear that a Catholic college has received a gross sum from a benefactor of the Faith; yet, moneyed Catholics are the ones who complain of the lack of facilities in our schools. Will not some of our wealthy Catholics solve the problem?

KATHRYN I. FEE.

I LOVE SAINT PETER

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Reverend Joseph Clancy's letter in defense of the hen published in your issue of February 4, has, I hasten to write, increased my respect for this worthy fowl. I wish that I could also say that the respect is accompanied by a growing affection for chickens in general, whom he so admirably defends with charm and scholarship.

Alas, I am unregenerate. I still dislike them just as intensely as I did when I wrote "I Love Saint Peter." They are so nervous and noisy, Father Clancy. I recall a particularly unhappy incident of my childhood, when a large flock of them, all fluttering and squawking distressingly, pecked at my legs (and hurt!) when I inadvertently happened into the barnyard at feeding time. Terror, then, was struck into my soul—and I have never quite been able to shake off a remnant of it. I submit that I may well be nervous and noisy myself—all the more reason that I dislike these qualities in others.

When I wrote that I hated barnyard fowl, I was thinking of a class, indiscriminate of gender, and not, as you imply, from any feminist motives to decry the male. It is you who have injected the question of sex into the matter, and I deplore its introduction. But since it is here, it can only lead to the observation that you must be a bit of a feminist yourself, for your letter would indicate that it is the hen who has proved, of her species, most useful to mankind.

Psychology need not be employed to connect my dislike of cock-crow with a distaste for early rising, as I consciously used the symbol of the former as a synonym of the latter unpleasant habit. Yes, indeed, I am lazy, especially at daybreak. Let the early bird have his or her worm—there are those of us who relinquish it gladly. I don't object to Chanticleer greeting the dawn, if only he wouldn't fuss so about it, and broadcast it in raucous tones. A silent prayer of gratitude would perhaps be more effective at this hour. The birds are different. Their delightful song is welcome, even to a sleepy-head.

As for Saint Peter, I don't see how he could have liked cocks, after what happened—for every time one crew, it was a painful reminder. However, he may have—for after all, he is a saint!

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editor: Public advocacy by a well-known ex-judge of what he terms companionate marriage, is in itself but a minor flurry in the orbit of modern sociological novelty. The significant fact is that the proposals, which are as old as human folly, unscientific and immoral into the bargain, can get a hearing in schools of higher education. This shows that we are practically at the crossroads of intellectual understanding, and that we need a light that will not fail us.

Such an unfailing light is held aloft by the Catholic Church. She will bear the brunt of the attack upon the spiritual realities which underlie civilization. She stands for the integrity of the family, and for justice in economic relations. If civilization is effectively to withstand the assault, it will be because the moral law, as taught by the Catholic Church, is known and obeyed. The Church will stand by her divinely scientific principles, fearing neither dictator nor proletariat. The Catholic Church knows that the practical application of her teachings to the moral, social and economic problems of the day, is urgent.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

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"CASTI CONNUBII"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: If I were an earnest and honest person deriving my only knowledge of the Catholic Church from the *Menace,* let us say (as so many honest people do), and if I suddenly found and read the Pope's encyclical on Christian marriage, I would conclude that there was something wrong with my understanding. No political schemer could have written that. No one could have written it but a real man and a noble man. I would think it the most manly and the most noble document of our times, clear, certain and convincing, and I would think that any group of people who accept that positive teaching and live up to it, must be, not a menace to society, but the only salvation of society, the only anchor left. I think that on that document alone I should want to look into the Catholic religion, and the Church of which the author of this document is the head, for it is so clearly an honest man's church, and if on investigation I found that not as many Catholics live that way as should, I think I would still be tempted to conclude that if there is or ever has been anything wrong in this religion and church I had been taught to dislike and fear, it might lie in the practice rather than in the teaching; in treason to or rebellion against that teaching.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE HOUR OF POWER

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: You are to be praised for the timely article "The Hour of Power," by Mr. John C. Cahalan, jr. It is worthy of comment and thought and as I am an enthusiastic subscriber to THE COMMONWEAL, my delight was real and substantial.

For over two years the joy of Sunday has been made complete by hearing the scholarly sermons of Father Coughlin. The information that has flowed from his lips has been a veritable force for clarifying misunderstandings, for reviving drooping spirits and finally for concluding that the average fellow in the crowd can depend on a sincere voice to utter his opinions and protests.

Here through the Middle West the great influence of the broadcast is something that calls for astonishment when you are close to what is being accomplished.

These are days of propaganda that usually aggravates rather than purifies the wells of public opinion. So that it seem particularly gratifying that each Sunday one can depend on hearing facts relative to labor, depression and Communism, which citizens should possess if government really is to belong to the people and their opinions and wishes really are to be translated into action by those for whom we vote.

I salute the Patriot of the Air.

JAMES J. ELLIOTT.

WHERE MONEY IS NEVER MENTIONED

Arlington, Mass.

TO the Editor: The N. C. W. C. News Service deems it important enough for a special release, and the Catholic press of the country publishes quite generally the item, about the Sacred Heart Church of Pittsburgh, from whose pulpit during the past year no money was mentioned, but which, for all that, received in contributions the largest amount in its history.

Looking at it from the viewpoint of the laity, I should say at once that the Sacred Heart Church of Pittsburgh must have an exceptional congregation; for the continual stressing of the money problem and the continual appeal to be generous have been prominent features of the church life of almost every parish I have ever known. This would not be so if the clergy did not feel it necessary.

The N. C. W. C. News Service should now discover and make known how the thing was done. I am sure that pastors generally would be glad to know. So would congregations. Most of us would like to belong to a parish in which no money sermons were ever preached, and no time taken from the presentation of the Gospel for announcements of whist parties, dances, shows, picnics and so on, whereby the parish purse is so often replenished. If the congregation of the Sacred Heart Church of Pittsburgh, consisting of 800 families, can contribute in one year, as is asserted in the news item, $161,114.50 without money ever being mentioned from the pulpit and without any special campaign for funds, it sets us all a standard which it would be well for us to exert ourselves to reach.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor: Mr. Maynard's article, "The Plight of the Poet," was interesting, one might almost say amusing. The windy uplands of Spain are perhaps more conducive to poetical response than the fogs of England or the bogs of America. (Intellectual morasses, I mean.) Or perhaps Spain like England exports her intellectuals, which may explain a sonnet sequence in the steerage.

As for Tennyson and the "Decadents" being definitely dated, there are many popes of poetry today who will sigh in vain fifty years hence and wish they had at least that distinction. Moreover, is one who follows Tennyson or the "Decadents," whatever that tag implies, more definitely dated than the followers of the Chester-Belloc? These are very interesting questions.

I have observed Mr. Maynard in his various manifestations, as poet, lecturer, essayist and biographer, and as I read "The Plight of the Poet" I bethought me of dear old Sairey Gamp. Perhaps it is her ghost which asks this purely rhetorical question, "Have you tried the cowcumbers, Mr. Maynard?"

REV. FRANCIS B. THORNTON.

ONE WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: Naturally I appreciate the kind words of Father Heitz regarding my article "One War-time Christmas," but his strictures are a bit oversevere. It seems that he is a real Jusseyite, but only about five weeks of my life were spent in that delightful town. He says Jussey is not near Belfort but certainly fifty-five miles is not far, and he says it is not close to Alsace though Alsace is but sixty some miles away. My comparison, he says, is as accurate as to say that Dallas is close to El Paso (though as a matter of fact it is 600 miles between those cities) or that Albuquerque is on the border of Mexico (whereas that is more than 250 miles distant).

As to the Vosges mountains, properly so called, he is probably right, but everybody said we were in the Vosges and the sun did set behind hills that people told me were Vosges. At that he can claim only a third average, according to his evidence, as to which I stand corrected.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Trader Horn

NOT MUCH oftener than once a year, some motion picture producer presents a film of epic quality and proportions. Except for certain features I shall mention presently—in which typical Hollywood gilding covers the raw fiber of honesty—"Trader Horn" is just such a film, tense, far flung and driving ahead with the pitiless impact of the jungle itself.

It must have struck many people by this time that whenever something on this order appears, it represents that particular field for which the talking screen forms the only logical medium. Pictures such as "The Silent Enemy," which re-create a lost epoch, reach far beyond the utmost possibilities of the stage. With that perfection of illusion which comes with photography of nature itself and of sweeping human action on limitless horizons, the screen can encompass ideas at which the novelist can merely hint, from which the painter can extract only the essence of a bare instant, and for which the stage can furnish only a cramped and conventionalized expression.

It seems to hold true, then, that the screen is at its best, and most apt to create a lasting impression, when it expresses its peculiar genius for realism, either in re-creating actual history, or in bringing vividly before us, as "Trader Horn" does, remote and unfamiliar scenes of human action. By the same token, however, the screen can also perform a unique service in giving that realism, so essential to illusion, demanded by purely fanciful and fantastic material. "The Thief of Bagdad" was as notable in its way as "Chang" or "The Silent Enemy," because in the Bagdad story all the atmosphere of magic and utter impossibility inherent in the fairy-tale could be given the semblance of complete actuality. As I have suggested before, the same service could be rendered to the dramatic material of Wagner's Ring cycle or to such tales, half history and half folk-lore, as those in the Song of Roland or the books of Homer. All mythology is waiting for its chance at the screen, under the hand of a director of rich imagination and a touch of genius.

In the meantime we have the occasional great war film, "Ben Hur," and the series of nature epics, the last culminating, to my mind, in many of the scenes and incidents of "Trader Horn."

The weakest side of this ambitious Metro-Goldwyn production is its treatment of that part of the Horn story relating to the "white goddess"—the child of a missionary captured by an African tribe and brought up as the good-luck emblem of the tribe. Granting that anything so far-fetched actually happened, and that Trader Horn's memory did not glow too vividly in recalling the episode, it is still obvious that only the utmost care in rendering the incident could make it appear anything more than frantic melodrama, with all the earmarks of fiction. To present this jungle child as a snow-white apparition, with carefully trained eyebrows and all the indications of having lived only in the dressing-room jungle of a Ziegfield show is to shatter at one stroke most of the authentic atmosphere which is so carefully and successfully created during the first half of the picture.

On the whole, Hollywood's new recruit for this difficult assignment, Edwina Booth, does amazingly well. The fault does not lie so much in her general work, as in her immaculate make-up and in minor tricks with the hands which could not possibly have originated in a native hut. A little tan to the skin (assuming an African sun to be at least as efficient as a Palm Beach sun), more simplicity to the gestures, and a facial make-up with no hint in it of beauty parlors, and Miss Booth's performance might be put down as little short of remarkable for its energy, fire and undoubted sincerity.

But to gather the full importance of the mistaken handling of this episode, one must sense, first, the terrific brutality and somber magnificence of the natural setting of "Trader Horn"—an Africa in which all animal life is either eating something else or trying not to be eaten itself.

In the first half of the picture, we are introduced to the inner lands of Africa as they unfold before Trader Horn (a vigorous unshaven man, not the bearded raconteur of today) and Peru, a young South American who is getting his first taste of the wilds. Thanks to this situation, and to Cyril Hume's terse and effective dialogue, the explanation of all the wonders of African nature comes plausibly and with none of the blight of a personally conducted sight-seeing tour. The trip up the river, crawling with crocodiles and heaving with hippopotami, the entrance into the first tribal village, the beating of the first drums to signalize the fact that the tribes are about to indulge in one of their ecstatic orgies of cruelty—all these things are handled with a simplicity and pictorial grandeur that rivet your attention. You lose all sense of anything but the strange scenes before you.

The complete illusion of reality still holds in the meeting with the brave widow of a missionary and in the circumstances of her tragic death at the foot of one of Africa's most superb and wild waterfalls. It holds, too, in the trip up the falls to country never before penetrated by white men, in the panorama of wild animal life and in the bitter animal struggle for existence. It holds equally in the recurrent beat of the native drums and in the final ambushing of Horn's party and his faithful gun-carrier, Renchero.

It is not until the "white goddess" of the tribe appears, during the torture scenes, that fiction and Hollywood intrude themselves. From then on, the spell is broken. The picture remains an exciting melodrama, but is ceases to hold the frightful impact of nature against man.

Vast credit should go to Harry Carey for his characterization of the Trader and to a native actor, Mutia Omoolu, for his amazing work as Renchero. But only by sitting under the spell of the picture itself can you gather the full wild beauty, majesty and thrilling intensity of two-thirds of this screen epic. It gives an almost unique experience. (At the Astor Theatre.)

Cimarron

ONLY a few of the opening passages of this film version of Edna Ferber's book capture an historical setting with the inherent strength of the screen medium. The rest of the action is scattered and diffuse, revealing the extreme difficulty of catching in anything but the novel the full sweep of a fifty-year narrative.

The picture opens with the first border rush of the pioneers into the newly opened Indian lands. "Free land for the taking!" It is a rough and wild moment in our history, more filled with greed than romance, the symbol, perhaps of all the hideousness which was built into the "boom" towns of America and has lingered with them ever since as an ugly inheritance. Beneath the greed of the land rush, there lurked, of course, a leaven of

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wanderlust, of that eternal impulse to move on into the unknown which Arthur Machen describes as the essence of literature. Machen makes a good case for this idea. He takes the Homeric tales, the mystic explorations of Dante, the valor of Cervantes's wandering hero, and the pleasantly nomadic instincts of Mr. Pickwick's club, and shows the common bond uniting these widely varied epics. That bond is the ecstacy of search into the unknown, whether the unknown be the reaches of the soul or of the corners of the earth beyond the pillars of Hercules.

Yancey Cravat, the hero of "Cimarron," is, in this sense, a hero of literature. The impulse to move forward dominates every decision of his life, is stronger than all the ties of home, stronger even than any ambition for personal power. It is strong enough to be his complete master, which makes him not so much a hero as a slave. Possibly because he senses this slavery, he is always the defender of the under dog. At all events, Yancey himself is a figure of literature, even though set against a background of hard, uncompromising ugliness—and eventually of oil!

His story, however, does not gain from motion picture realism. One can read of ugliness in a book and have it softened through the eyes of the characters themselves. In other words, one can catch subjective impressions which mitigate the ugliness of objective realities. But the screen has not yet found the way to divorce fact from fancy. The audience can see for itself the squalor of wooden shacks, and the interminable flatness of farm lands. To Yancey Cravat, all these things probably glowed with hidden romance. He could see an empire in a wagon trail. But to the rest of us, the reality falls so far short of Yancey's vision, that we cannot share his passion for it. We sense the weakness in his self-deception, and the barren waste in his heroics.

Aside from the material of the story, however, its construction as a motion picture sequence is disjointed and shaky. It hops abruptly from period to period, reintroducing characters to us in their changed surroundings and circumstances without giving the one essential feeling of continuous growth. It is all like a series of snapshots scattered over half a century. A good German director might conceivably have taken the same type of narrative and connected up the periods in such a way as not to break the continuity and sense of organic growth.

On the whole, the cast of this production is excellent, with Richard Dix quite in his element as the swaggering and slightly pathetic Yancey and Irene Dunne very understanding as Sabra, his wife. (At the Globe Theatre.)

Candles for Christopher

Saint Christopher the Carrier, one very dear to me,
Has heavy loads to bear I cannot help him lift;
Christopher of rain and wind, very strong and very kind,
Go now where I cannot go with strength for your gift!

Saint Christopher the Carrier, you are safe in Paradise,
All the loads God might devise are ended for you now,
Here I make six candles shine, yellow candles in a line,
Lift an earthly load that weighs, you still remember how!

You bore the Christ Child once, a world on His shoulder,
This is not so great a thing I pray for now of you,
Candles with a yellow flame burn high while I speak your name,
Lift the load I may not share, do what I cannot do!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

BOOKS

An Artist's Enemies

Whistler, by James Laver. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.00.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—a friend of Whistler, by the way—said somewhere in one of his short stories that from the artist's point of view, art is not playing the piano or painting a picture, "it is a life to be lived." In our day, so many sincere artists assume to live like stock-brokers, look as much as possible like stock-brokers, and talk like stock-brokers, that the artists' own legitimate interest, a sincere and single devotion to beauty, is lost sight of, and they become apologetic or cynical about it. Mr. Laver carries on this modern tradition—which fairly may be described regarding its origins and dissemination as typically the British attitude toward the artist, though of course it is far from being the attitude of every Briton. Speaking of Whistler's brother-in-law, he says, "Seymour Haden had himself a secret ambition to be an artist, although, with more determination or less vocation than Whistler, he had not allowed the desire to hinder his career." Is that not a perfect picture of the artist, a creature with vocation, to be sure, but not determination enough to put it down and keep it from hindering his career as a business man! How Whistler would have chuckled over that.

This book is really delightful, doubly delightful: anything about Whistler could scarcely escape being colorful, animated and amusing, and Mr. Laver's heavy-handed pundits are unconscious satires of himself and such transparent illustrations of the snobbery Whistler ridiculed, that they make a perfect foil for Whistler's dead hand.

One of the familiar bulls in which Mr. Laver indulges—having come by it no doubt from Ruskin—is to recognize carefully all that the subject of his criticism has done, then roundly abuse him in the following paragraphs for not having done something else, for not having seen and done as this or that or the other master saw and did. This form of critical inconsequence can be indulged in at length and with great show of erudition and travel in a way that finally stuns the minds of the unwary and leaves them with the impression that the artist was really a very small potato and the critic really a great and imposing fellow.

In not a single one of Whistler's many tilts against British business dignity, does Mr. Laver show the artist in other than an unfavorable light or quote any but his enemies. Then on what seems his own good impulse, Mr. Laver makes sweeping qualifying or laudatory statements: "He [Whistler] vindicated the individual against conformity and he defended the artist against the Philistine." The total implication of this method is that Whistler really was a cad and a crank and Mr. Laver is sweet and nice, occasionally perhaps a little too condescending to Whistler. The following sentence is a concrete example: "The strange little man, half charlatan, half dancing master as he seemed to his contemporaries, is, in the end, a noble figure." The sugar-coated poison in this is the insinuation that Whistler seemed anything of the sort to all his contemporaries. The better part had the intellectual grace to recognize in him one of the greatest artists of his time, and one of the most brilliant minds. Because he did not wear rough tweeds and brogue shoes and have the beefy, bully manner was an offense only to the spirit of "Buy British Goods."

As the reader of this review by now must be pretty well convinced, I found Mr. Laver's book engrossing reading. It is.

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It is well written. Writing is an art in which the English have talents of the highest order. It is a most entertaining book about an artist who lived like an artist and fought for the right of artists to be determinedly interested in their own métier. Its unfairness as I have said is largely self-illuminating and amusing in its way. Those who already know Whistler through his friends, the Pennels, will find no end of provocation and interest in this book. And after it one may read, or reread, Whistler's classic, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," with keener appreciation.

Mr. Laver has seen fit to go into the details of the artist's amours, and, in the manner in which he presents them, to further chide Whistler. This of course is a matter of literary taste. It is rather the fashion right now and possibly it may be Mid-Victorian to be reticent in such matters. It is nevertheless a pity that they cannot be left to a more omniscient judge than the writer is apt to be who publicly exposes weaknesses and transgressions of this type.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

A Virgil Memorial

The Aeneid; edited with Introduction and Commentary by J. W. Mackail. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.00.

"THE ARTIST," says Dr. Mackail, in his truly brilliant Introduction, "must not be overwhelmed by the material or lose breadth of handling in laborious refinement of workmanship." This statement is at once a fine example of Dr. Mackail's style and an apt description of the work of art he has given us in this splendid edition of the "Aeneid." Such comprehensive truths pithily expressed have always characterized Dr. Mackail's works. He unites a Gaelic deftness with a Teutonic thoroughness, wearing his vast erudition with a light and airy grace. The admirers of the sometime professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, who are as numerous as his readers, will feel that in this the finest of all testimonials to Virgil's two-thousandth birthday, he has amply atoned for the disappointment of his contribution on Virgil in the series, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." Good as it was, it was far from the excellence of the present work and not worthy of its author or subject.

Oxford books in recent years have come high, but no one will feel that the price of this ample volume with its bright, attractive pages of easy handling is too great. The magnificent Introduction alone is worth the price and makes the book indispensable to every school and college library. This introduction is an artistic masterpiece. Virgil "stands in a very special relation to the whole import of an age which was one of the turning-points in history." "He looked, as few have done, before and after," and Dr. Mackail looks with him, displaying the artistry of a Latium fellow poet. Under the pen of the editor Latium grows to Augustan Rome, Latin poetry is developed from "rude ballads" to the perfect hexameter, Virgil himself is traced through all the stages of his life and art, and then the "Aeneid" is rebuilt for us in its great outlines and in all its details. The history of the text is fully given; the meter receives the fine treatment which only a poet and a scholar can give. The characters of the "Aeneid" are set forth in satisfying fullness. Newman's well-known criticism of Virgil to which Dr. Mackail attributes "a delicacy of appreciation that is like Virgil's own," is mentioned twice and exemplified in detail. The subsequent history of the "Aeneid" and the influence of the poet on posterity and on its literature is given with the same comprehensive brilliance that characterizes the whole of this marvelous Introduction. Virgil's versification is subjected to a close study and the critic himself passes into the poet when in his enthusiasm he writes: "The feet of the verse have become wings; the exquisite mechanism ceases to be mechanism and flashes into air and fire." This Introduction should be prescribed reading in every college as a crowning example of true classicism which reproduces in the present the artistic excellence of the past.

The Commentary has an introduction to every book of the "Aeneid," sketching its outlines and probable creation. The notes are mostly stylistic without neglect of the necessary erudition. They show a mastery of the standard commenators. Even the voluminous Jesuit, La Cerda, is cited with approbation. Parallels in Greek, Latin and most modern literatures give evidence of wide readings and discerning quotation. Six appendices go into further detail upon grammar, topography and epic economy. That the Virgilian underworld (Appendix C) is a replica of a Minoan palace is a novel idea, which may not be widely accepted, but the picture, even if it is only probable, will help to give definiteness to the shadowy realms of the dead.

Professor Gildersleeve whose "Brief Mention" has been recently published in a delightful volume, would surely have rejoiced in the "Aeneid" of Dr. Mackail, especially for the grammatical notes in the Commentary. Gildersleeve ever kept his grammar facing art and personal expression, and not the coldness of scientific generalization. That is Dr. Mackail's merit too, and had he indexed his Commentary, he would have deserved greater thanks from the Virgilian teachers who will use his book. The professor gives us an appendix on the Virgilian ablative; with an index we should have had an appendix on every case and mood and tense and on the vocabulary of Virgil. Professor Gildersleeve would have regretted the absence of that last touch of Teutonic thoroughness in a book on which he surely would have given a delightful chat in his famous "Brief Mention." The bimillenial of Virgil has had its fitting monument and Dr. Mackail is its architect.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY.

Love in Iceland

Seven Days' Darkness, by Gunnar Gunnarsson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

ICELAND is the unusual setting for this unusual novel by Gunnar Gunnarsson, yet its theme is completely independent either of country or the ominous volcanic eruption which darkens the skies of Reykjavik and gives the book its title. For "Seven Days' Darkness" is a story of phychological conflict, mordant and grim, as deeply probing as Ibsen and as inevitably moving toward disaster as the words of the Greek tragedians. The volcano's plume of flame predominates as a weird symbol of man's insecure tenure of life, faith and reason.

Simultaneous with the eruption an epidemic of influenza plagues the city and turns it into a battleground between sickness and death and a corps of doctors and nurses without adequate supplies. Yet the tragedy here is not the tragedy of death unless the word is used in its metaphorical sense. At the outset the author, following the classic Greek precedent, reveals the catastrophe which on the seventh day brings his hero, Dr. Grimur Ellidagrimur, to the cells of the insane. Between the first chapter and the last, with a treatment which achieves tremendous power through simple narrative style, is unfolded the doctor's emotional conflict mounting from small beginnings to a climax none the less awful because it has been foretold. Such a method imposes on the author a difficult task which Gunnar Gunnarsson completes with a success that, at first

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thought, leaves one with an illusory idea of the facility of its accomplishment. Nor did Mr. Gunnarsson simplify things for himself when he chose to write in the first person, assuming the character of John Oddson who, as an intimate of the doctor, was merely an observer of those scant external evidences of an inner struggle in the soul. That the result is such a vivid and accurate portrayal of a psychological collapse is further tribute to the author's genius. Again, treated from this angle, he escapes complete responsibility for the philosophic uncertainty which Oddson entertains. Hence the reader cannot be sure that the author wishes the inference of the moral, "Place not thy faith in man," though the premises are obviously there.

For Grimur Ellidagrimur found belief a necessary basis for his life and that belief was entirely centered in his wife, Vigdis, and the permanence of their mutual love. The necessity grew in proportion to his increasing fear of that unseen adversary he always found at a sickbed. He had not come to formulate any too definite ideas of what lay beyond the victory of death. Pall Einarsson had. His philosophy was materialistic and atheistic and his enmity toward Ellidagrimur was largely predicated on his hatred of the doctor's self-assurance. Had Ellidagrimur built his faith on the spiritual he would have been proof against the vicious and insidious attacks launched against him by Einarsson. But the latter knew the weakness. A male counterpart of Ibsen's Hedda Gabbler, he worked havoc in the lives of the doctor, Vigdis and their circle of friends.

Many readers of this book, of course, will attempt to explain the tragedy of Grimur Ellidagrimur as the conquest of a stronger mind over a temporarily weakened one. But to those who have harmonized their lives in consonance with a recognition of its ultimate purpose, no such explanation suffices. "Seven Days' Darkness" must stand for them as effective testimony to the value of a vital, vigilant and true faith.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Organized Sociology

Social Work Yearbook; edited by Fred S. Hall. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. $4.00.

SOCIAL work which has grown and ramified until it touches the lives of all of the people of the country, employs hundreds of thousands of workers, and spends billions of dollars annually, has at last been summarized in the "Social Work Yearbook," a pleasing volume of 600 pages, with articles running from one extreme of the alphabet to the other, from Adoption to the Y. W. C. A. Two hundred subjects are treated, each by a specialist in the particular field. Anyone who wants to know all of the kinds of activities comprised in social work will find a brief but adequate description of each kind.

To pick here and there from the subject-matter, here are some of the main lines of social endeavor: family welfare, parent education, old-age security, travelers' aid, legal aid, disaster relief, desertion and non-support, domestic-relations courts, adoption of children, mothers' aid, day nurseries, juvenile courts, delinquent children, child labor, health centers, hospital social work, occupational therapy, child hygiene, nutrition work, vital statistics, rehabilitation of cripples, blind and deaf, crippled children, speech deformities, mental hygiene, crime and penal conditions, recreation, community organization, industrial welfare, the church and social work. Just a glance through the volume is an orientation in the vast human projects of social work. There would be more intelligent discussion of the problems of social pathology if all writers and speakers could be compelled or

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NEXT WEEK

SOVIET LEGISLATION, by Violet Connolly, is no shrinking analysis of the fundamentals of the greatest social and political experiment of our times. The conflict between the stream of ukases issuing from Moscow covering every incident of individual life and the control of money and employment, and the natural resistance and negligence of the individual in the face of this, makes an absorbing story. And it is done with a satisfying factualness by Miss Connolly who in the course of work for the League of Nations spent considerable time in Russia. . . . WAGES AND UNEMPLOYMENT IN BRITAIN, by Henry Somerville, and HIGH WAGES VS. EXCESSIVE CAPITAL, by John A. Ryan, is a double-header that cannot fail to illuminate the nature of the difficulties of the two greatest capitalist countries and the possibilities for improvement. The gradual comprehension of these possibilities by sufficient numbers in our midst that effective social action may be taken, seems a probable result of the present hard times. This is our devout hope if chaos is to be avoided. . . . AMERICA'S FIRST ITALIAN OPERA, by Lorna Gill, is a colorful account of a romantic and exciting adventure in the early history of opera in a new world. . . . THE LITURGICAL ARTS SOCIETY, by Maurice Lavanoux, is the description of an organization in America which will carry on the traditions of serving God with beauty, and of this work of the Church as it is being vigorously forwarded at present all over the world. . . . A SINGING NOVELIST, by Joseph J. Reilly, is an appreciation of an American poetess whose verse is now highly enjoyed by an elect few and deserves an audience as wide as that which appreciates her novels, the latest of which was "Death Comes for the Archbishop."

induced to look up their facts in this volume before speaking glibly on the subject as many do.

The contributors to this volume are well known social work leaders. Included are Grace Abbott, Mary Anderson, John B. Andrews, S. Josephine Baker, Joanna Colcord, W. Bruce Cobb, Hastings H. Hart, to pick only at random from the wealth of talent.

The chapters on the church and social work include an article by Rose J. McHugh, notable for completeness and compactness in describing the vast works of charity of the Catholic Church in America. Descriptions of Jewish, Protestant and Mormon social work give a rounded view of what the churches are doing.

One of the valuable features of the yearbook is the descriptive list of national agencies, which deal with some phase of social work. No one but a constant user of the organized resources of the country could realize that there are 450 organizations of national scope dealing with some phase of prevention, rehabilitation or care of human breakdown, besides twenty-four departments of the federal government having some responsibility for human welfare.

The book is indispensable for the individual who really wants to be accurate—and what intelligent person would not want to be? College classes in applied sociology and social work will find a constant help in the mazes of a vast and complicated field. The work was prepared through the assistance of the Russell Sage Foundation, and it is planned to have biennial editions.

JOHN A. LAPP.

War in Africa

Sudore e Sangue, by Guglielmo Ferrero. Milan: A. Mondedori. $1.80.

THAT extraordinary man, Guglielmo Ferrero, historian, historical economist, novelist and traveler, has also a war book, a fine picture, in "Sudore e Sangue" ("Sweat and Blood") of the fateful Italian campaign in Abyssinia, a war so simply barbarous, so far removed from the scientific refinements of mass killing that its atrocities, its ineptitudes, its futilities fall rather into the healthy savagery of Carolingian Christianity and are almost refreshing.

It is no wonder that Ferrero is anathema to so many historians to whom history must be dull to be convincing. He writes his novels like history; his history has the fire of romance. He is never dull for a moment. There is something very convincing in his suggestion that we all take "ancient," "classical" history from a totally wrong angle; that in studying "ancient" Rome we forget that Rome was not ancient, but a new and very vigorous power in the world, and that to understand what was happening then in Rome, we should look about for something similar and quite modern. He chooses for comparison the United States, with surprising results.

In this war novel of an impressionable Roman youth seeking adventure and glory and solace for a slightly dented heart in a badly managed colonial venture in the high plateaux of Africa, Ferrero manages to convey a subtle but complete generalization of that time in our recent history when it was not "smart" for a government to be without some colonial intrigue on its hands. It is not only Italy's unlucky venture. Setting forth a purely Italian thing with all his descriptive brilliancy and humor, he makes it fit every one of the colonial adventures of thirty years ago that led up to the World War and the present intercontinental distrust and resentment: inept and

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ignorant government, ill-equipped armies, incompetent generalship, ill-defied political aims and strategic objectives. Italian Christians fought against sixth-century Abyssinian Christians, each dubious of the other's Christianity; each seeming barbarously cruel to the other. The hero of the tale, captured by "the barbarians," learns the manners and customs of his captors and finds among them the identical prides and prejudices of the Roman nobility in which he was born. Hurried along in the vast trek of the Abyssinian horde, with two fellow prisoners, a simple feudal Tuscan peasant and a Venetian "scientific Marxian Socialist," both as naked, bruised and hungry as himself, the young Roman noble touches understanding at both ends of European history: the horde invasions from Asia and Africa of the Carolingian age and the new barbarian eruption of Bolshevism, and he catches some shade of meaning of two thousand years of intercontinental warfare in his first campaign.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Faith Modernized

The Divine Romance, by Fulton J. Sheen. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

THIS is a series of seven discourses dealing with the principal mysteries of the Faith. The reader will readily recall them if he were fortunate enough to have heard their delivery as sermons during the radio Catholic Hour.

Phillips Brooks says that a good sermon makes dull reading. Since the reading here offered is far from being dull, there is some reason to suspect that it did not make efficient sermons. Better sermons and better essays might have been made out of the same material had it not been cast into one form to serve two purposes. As read, the discourses are brilliant in thought but halting in diction. The sequence of an argument is sometimes sacrificed for the sake of a sprightly sentence. Trite expressions and commonplace words, that might be forgiven when endowed with new life in vivid utterance, are ofter jarring to the reader. The cold print fails to reëcho the meaning into which they were molded by the personality of the preacher. They need his persuasive voice, his exuberant earnestness, his convincing sincerity, his poetic sensitivity. It was these gifts that made them the vehicle of his message.

Judged as sermons it is necessary to remember the difficulty of radio preaching. The speaker cannot sense the responsiveness of his hearers. His audience is unknown. He cannot feel the reverend hush or scan the eager faces. His own voice sounds unreal and he is at the mercy of a swift turn of the dial. He has nothing to reassure him but the silent nods of the "announcer." Preaching is not the mere utterance of the truth, but the ministry of the Word. It is the delivery of a divine message filled with the personality of a consecrated messenger. Heart must speak to heart. The temptation to become a mere teacher is greater in the broadcasting room than in the pulpit. Dr. Sheen knows that the laity, Protestant and Catholic, are not friendly to dogmatic discourse. The radio forum is no place for it. Dogma must be provided, but only as it is personally realized and as related to life and experience. To crowd a "Summa" into a few sermons will leave the hungry unchurched millions unfed. Although it might be thought that a theme, most fittingly described as "The Divine Romance," would be too recondite for most of the listeners, everyone who reads his book will agree that Dr. Sheen made a most successful attempt to achieve his purpose.

EDWARD HAWKS.

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A Woman's View of War

A Château at the Front, by the Marquise de Foucault: translated by George B. Ives. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

THIS is a story of the World War on the western front in days before the period of intense American participation. The château was near Montdidier and there is no word of the Argonne where most of us think the whole war was fought. The book, a sort of diary, ends in August, 1918, as the château then ceased to be on the front. The marquise writes only of the war as she saw it.

She is none too generous in praise of the French infantry and artillery and mention of Americans is most casual. "Americans," she says, on page 328, "are helping, but it is we who have won" —a statement which men of the First and Second and Rainbow and Yankee Divisions may be disposed to question. And Mr. Ives would have helped his translation by elimination of caustic comment on enlisted personnel.

Over and over again the authoress repeats that she is "of the higher nobility." Consequently she is an admirer of the Dragoons, especially the Twenty-fifth, which was a Foucault regiment under the monarchy. It is her story, and she sticks to it, that the French cavalry were the whole works. As for the enemy, she generally terms them "boches," but in the beginning, "uncivilized creatures" who speak "a barbarous tongue, the language of horses," which is not original.

The opening pages telling of mobilization to meet the first fierce dash, of conscription of men, munitions and materials, and the last hundred (printed first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) describing a war of movement as initiated by Mangin, are by far the best of the book. Between times the story drags a bit, but reference to political control of troop movement shows that the marquise was close to high command and thoroughly sympathetic. Scattered portions dealing with commonplaces are dull reading, but her accounts of troop movements and her gay descriptive flights are excellently done. One hates to lay the book down lest some appealing entry may be on the next page. By and large, her story is well told and interest is sustained throughout.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

Side-Lights on History

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame d'Épinay; translated by E. G. Allingham. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

THIS new edition of an old French classic is extremely agreeable to read, principally because it is so admirably translated, which was not the case with previous editions. It gives to the American reader one of the best pictures ever drawn of the frivolous and absolutely unprincipled French society of the end of the eighteenth century, which was so attractive, witty and clever and lived in absolute indifference as to what the morrow might bring. Madame d'Épinay was the perfect personification of its delightful women, so well described by Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole, in their correspondence. She had many lovers, for at that time a lady without intimate admirers would have been considered by her friends so extraordinary that she would have been suspected of having some infirmity she was carefully concealing. Morals in the sense we understand them today did not exist. And yet these people whose entire existence seemed to be consecrated to pleasure, and pleasure only, were in certain departments of life infinitely more moral than we are now.

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The peculiar charm, however, of Madame d'Épinay's "Memoirs" consists in the light they throw upon a trio of famous men and distinguished writers and philosophers—Diderot, Grimm and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The last especially stands before us as he really was—a nervous, irritable and garrulous man, who interested himself far too much in what did not concern him. Moreover, he was spiteful, and his "Confessions" were written partly as a revenge on attacks which he pretended had been made against him by Madame d'Épinay and her friends, Diderot and Grimm. Yet Madame d'Épinay had showered kindnesses of all sorts upon him. When difficulties necessitated his leaving Paris for a while, she had even put at his disposal a small house on her husband's estate, called the Hermitage, which she had had newly furnished for him. On this occasion, as in so many others, she showed herself a warm and devoted friend of the irascible Rousseau.

Madame d'Épinay was vastly interested in education, but with her own children her educational ideas did not prove successful. In some things she out-Rousseaued Rousseau himself, and the result was deplorable, especially in regard to her son, who became exceedingly frivolous. But then in this he was not an exception, and the same reproach might have been addressed to Madame d'Épinay herself. At that time everybody in France as well as in other countries was frivolous.

These "Memoirs" portray the human side of an interesting period of French social history. It is this that gives them more value than others, which are perhaps better written and more witty. Madame d'Épinay speaks only of the people she knows and of the things which she has observed, and this reserve lends them a particular charm other memoirs lack.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

A Pilgrim's Scrip

Open My Heart, by Reverend Michael Andrew Chapman. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

"OPEN My Heart: Travel Sketches by a Pilgrim Priest" is not an ordinary record of a trip through the more famous cities of Italy. Father Chapman, the editor of the *Acolyte,* although not overlooking the greatest attractions of that hallowed land, leads the reader over unbeaten paths and finds beauty of every kind in places that are not on the itineraries of tourist agencies. What the author relates is interesting and his way of telling is attractive and at times humorous.

Naples and Pompeii receive a cursory consideration and so do Palermo, Milan, Genoa and Orvieto, the famous hill town perched on top of an isolated plateau and several times a refuge of the Popes. When the author comes to Amalfi and Taormina his enthusiasm waxes strong and he describes well the treasures of art and nature hidden in these small and out-of-the-way towns. Naturally the cities of Rome, Florence and Venice claim for themselves the greater part of the volume, but even in these chapters many unusual things are found and what may be known already to the reader is told in a new way.

The reviewer believes that the author has attained his threefold object, which was that his book might serve as a preparation for those who intended to visit sunny Italy, to reawaken happy memories of a similar trip taken and to satisfy those who travel only in the imagination and to whom a book is the journey. The volume is copiously illustrated with pictures taken by the author. Most of these have never before appeared in books of this kind. Catholics and non-Catholics alike will enjoy the volume.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

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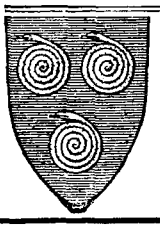
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Briefer Mention

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

MISS HURST'S approach is always interesting. Her conscientious mastery of detail gives a real respectability (a word they would not otherwise invite) to her artistic efforts, and her complete emotional absorption in her material has a curiously persuasive effect on the reader. He may know that, of the issues which Miss Hurst is always portentously presenting, most are sentimentally misconceived and the few that are valid gain nothing from the blundering naïveté of her handling. But for all that, Miss Hurst feels for her chosen types with such an annihilation of herself, such passionate and sustained intensity, that one is hypnotized into the belief that they are interesting and important. It is almost like stepping, in actual life, into the current of people's feeling about themselves. The present story tells of a girl who, under the spell of life-long love, consented to inhabit the "back street" of a man's life, as his unacknowledged and not at all luxuriously kept mistress. His sudden death, followed by the accidental death of his eldest son (Miss Hurst has never been chary of coincidence in arming destiny) throws her upon the world in unprovided-for old age. Her last dreary years are recorded—a precarious and contracting vista of gambling and cadging for racing tips—and she dies of starvation because she will not break the bill tossed her unwittingly by her lover's remaining son.

God's Frozen Children, by Harold McCracken. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

FIRST an expedition, then a book. Mr. McCracken has turned author after numerous adventures which culminated in the discovery of mummies in the Aleutian Islands and their transfer to the Museum of Natural History in New York. What historic and scientific conclusions will be drawn from such discovery are yet, as they may always remain, in the field of conjecture. Be that as it may, the reader of catholic taste will enjoy this story of adventure laid in that far northwest corner of our continent which reaches out so intimately and fascinatingly toward Asia.

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